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MIDNIGHT.

All hail! thou dark-browed and majestic Queen!
I watch thy coming with awe-bated breath,
Thy beauty is a terror! and thy mien
Is as the mien of Death!

And yet I love thee, Midnight, with such love
As steeps my spirit in a dread delight!
A trembling pleasure thrills me as you move
Dark-splendid in my sight!

I worship, whilst I wonder at the glow
Which shines within thy deep and awful eyes:
I joy to see thy star-gem'd tresses flow
Across the dusky skies!

I fain would clasp thee to my yearning breast,
Yet fear thy bosom's cold and clammy touch:
With one wild kiss I'd ease my heart's unrest,
But dread thy lips too much!

A vague strange passion stirs my inmost soul—
My whole frame tingles when I feel thee near,
And o'er my heart's mysterious surgings roll
Tremors of joy and fear!

I marvel, is such beauty, lone and rich,
Devoid of being, and the spirit's gleam?
Or knows it not some truer life, of which
Our gross minds may not dream?

But ever fails the answer—and therefore,
I stand and watch and wonder from afar,
To see thee sweep on thy majestic course
To meet the Morning Star!

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

"Mounted on a spirited horse, he soon arrived at the temple."

PAGANISM OVERTHROWN.

Edwin, king of Northumbria, married Ethelburga, a Christian princess, and daughter of Ethelbert, king of Kent, and after her marriage, when she went to the North, she took with her a zealous Christian bishop, named Paulinus. King Edwin was a Pagan, but expressed his willingness to become a Christian if convinced of the truth, and used to spend many hours in conversation with the good Paulinus.

After some time the king's faith in idolatry was much shaken, and he determined to call a meeting of his subjects to decide the question. Accordingly a large assembly was collected, at a village called Godmundham, in Yorkshire, a short distance from the Pagan temple dedicated to Thor, the god of thunder.

Edwin, his queen, and Bishop Paulinus, with all the nobles of the court, were present; also the priests of Thor, and with them Coifi the high-priest.

When all were assembled, Bishop Paulinus rose, and after showing the folly of their idolatrous religion spoke upon the truths of the Christian faith, and showed its great superiority when compared with their idolatry.

The multitude were much impressed by the arguments of Paulinus. King Edwin rose from his seat, declaring that he was satisfied, and that he was determined to be numbered in the Christian fold. He asked who among the assembly would go and defile the temple of Thor?

The chief priest Coifi arose. All were anxious to hear what he had to say.

Will he reproach the king for having deserted his old belief? No. He also believes in the faith and arguments of Paulinus, and expresses his willingness to commence the destruction of the idol temple.

He requested of the king to be supplied with a horse and coat of mail. The priests of Thor were forbidden to mount a horse or wear any warlike dress, and Coifi wished to show by his request that he was no longer a worshipper of an idol deity. Mounted on a spirited horse, with a javelin in his hand, he soon arrived at the temple. He darted his javelin through a window into the building, which acted as a signal for the multitude, who soon set to work to destroy and burn the once venerated building. Thus, it is said, paganism ended in England in the year 627.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. GASS AMID THE WORKMEN.

There was trouble amidst the Dallory work-people. It had been looming for some time before it came. No works throughout the kingdom had been more successfully carried on than the North Works. The men were well paid; peace and satisfaction had always reigned between them and their employers. But when some delegates, or emissaries, or whatever they may please to call themselves, arrived stealthily at Dallory from the Trades Unions, and took up their stealthy abode in the place, and whispered their stealthy whispers in the ears of the men, the peace was over.

It matters not *to* trace the working of these insidious whispers, or how the poison spread. Others have done it far more effectively and to the purpose than I could. Sufficient to say that the Dallory work-people caught the infection prevailing amidst other bodies of men—which the public, to its cost, has of late years known too much of—and they joined the ranks of the disaffected. First there had been doubt, and misgiving, and wavering; then agitation; then dis-satisfaction; then parleying with their master, Richard North; then *demands* to be paid more and do less work. In vain Richard, with his strong good sense, argued and reasoned; showing them, in all kindness, not in anger, how mistaken was the course they were entering on, and what must come of it. They listened to him with respect, for he was liked and esteemed; but they would not give in a jot. It had been told privately to Richard, that much argument and holding out had been carried on with the Trades Union emissaries, some of whom were ever hovering over Dallory like birds of prey: the workmen wanting to insist on the sound sense of Richard North's view of things, the others speciously disproving. But it came to nothing. The workmen yielded to their despotic lords and rulers just as submissively as others have done, and Richard's word's were set at nought. They were like so many tame sheep following blindly their leader. The agitation, beginning about the time of Bessy North's marriage, continued for many months; it then came to an issue, and for several weeks now the works had been shut up.

For the men had struck. North and Gass had valuable contracts on hand, and they could not be completed. Unless matters took a turn speedily, masters and men would alike be ruined. The ruin of the first involved that of the last.

Mrs. Gass took things more equably than Richard North. In one sense she had less cause to take them otherwise. Her prosperity did not depend on the works. A large sum of hers was certainly invested in them; but a larger one was in other securities safe and sure. If the works and their capital went to nought, the difference it would make to Mrs. Gass was, that she should have so much the less money to leave behind her when she died. In this sense, therefore, Mrs. Gass could take things calmly; but in regard to the men's conduct she was far more out-spoken and severe than Richard.

Dallory presented a curious scene. In former days, during work time not an idle man was to be met; the village street, the various outlets, had looked almost deserted, save for the playing children. Now the narrow thoroughfares were blocked up with groups of men; talking seriously, or chaffing with each other, as might be; most of them smoking and spitting, and all looking utterly sick of the wearily-passing hours. Work does not tire a man—or woman either—half as much as idleness.

At first the holiday was agreeable from its novelty; the six days were Sunday as well as the seventh; and the men and women lived in clover. Not one family in twenty had been sufficiently provident to put by money for a rainy day, good though their wages had been; but the Trades Unions took care of their new proteges, and supplied them with funds. But—as the weeks went on, and Richard North gave no sign of relenting—that is, of acceding to his men's demands by taking them on again at their terms—the funds did not come in so liberally. Husbands, not accustomed to be stinted; wives, not knowing how to make sixpence suffice for a shilling, might be excused if they felt a little put out; and they began to take things to the pawnbroker's. Mr. Ducket, the respectable functionary who presided over the interests of the three gilt balls at Dallory, rubbed his hands complacently as he took the articles in. Being gifted with a long, sharp nose, his scent was keen, and he smelt the good time coming.

One day in passing the shop, Mrs. Gass saw three women in it. She walked in herself; and with scant ceremony, demanded what they were pledging. The women slunk away, hiding their property under their aprons, and leaving their errand to be completed another time. That Mrs. Gass or their master Richard North, should see them at this work, brought humiliation to their minds, and shame to their cheeks. Richard North and Mrs. Gass had both told them (to their intense disbelief,) that it would come to this; and to be detected in the actual fact of pledging, seemed very like a tacit defeat.

"So you've began, have you, Ducket;" commenced Mrs. Gass.

"Began what, ma'am?" asked Ducket; a little, middle-aged man with watery eyes and weak hair; always deferrent in manner to the wealthy and fine Mrs. Gass.

"Began what! Why the spouting. I told 'em all they'd come to the pawn-shop."

"It's them that have began the spouting, ma'am; not me."

"Where do you suppose it will end, Ducket?"

Ducket shook his head meekly, intimating that he couldn't suppose. He was naturally meek in disposition, and the brow-beating he habitually underwent in the course of business from his customers of the fairer sex, had tended to subdue his spirit and make him mild as honey.

"It 'll just end in their pawning every earthly thing their homes has got inside of 'em, leaving them to the four naked walls," said Mrs. Gass. "And the next move 'll be into the work 'us."

In the presence of Mrs. Gass, Ducket did not choose to show any sense of latent profit this wholesale pledging might bring to him. On the contrary, he affected to see nothing but gloom.

"A nice prospect for us rate-payers, ma'am, that 'ud be! Taxes be heavy enough, as it is, in Dallory parish, without having all these workmen and their families throw'd on us to eat us up."

"If the taxes was of my mind, Ducket, they'd let the men starve, rather than help 'em. When strong, able-bodied artizans have got plenty of work to do, and won't do it, it's time for them to be taught a lesson. As sure as you be standing on that side your counter, and me on this, them misguided men will come to want a mouldy crust."

"Well, I'd not wish 'em as bad as that," said Ducket; who, apart from the hardness induced by his trade, was rather soft-hearted. "Perhaps Mr. Richard North 'll give in."

"Mr. Richard North give in!" echoed Mrs. Gass. "Don't you upset your brains with perhapsing that, Ducket. Who ought to give in—looking at the rights and wrongs of the question—North and Gass; or the men? Tell me that."

"Well, I think the men are wrong," acknowledged the pawnbroker, smoothing down his coarse white linen apron. "And foolish too."

Mrs. Gass nodded several times, a significant look on her pleasant-natured face. She wore a topknot of white feathers, and they bowed majestically with the movement.

"Maybe they'll live to see it, too. They will, unless their senses come back to 'em pretty quick. Look here, Ducket: what I was about to say is this—Don't you be too free to take their traps in."

Ducket's face assumed a rueful cast. But Mrs. Gass was looking at him; evidently waiting for an answer.

"I don't see any way for refusing of things when they be brought to me, Mrs. Gass, ma'am. The women 'nd only go off to Whitborough and pledge 'em there."

"Then they should go—for me."

"Yes, ma'am," rejoined the man, not knowing what else to say.

"I'm not particular squeamish, Ducket: trade's trade; and a pawnbroker must live as well as other people. I don't say but what the money he lends does sometimes a world of good to them that's got no other help to turn to—and, may be, through no fault of their own, poor things. But when it comes to the dismantling of homes by the dozen and the score, and the leaving of families as naked and destitute as ever they were when they came into this bleak old world, that's different. And I'd not like to have it on my conscience, Ducket, though I was ten pawnbrokers."

Mrs. Gass quitted the shop with the last words, leaving Ducket to digest them. In passing North Inlet, she saw a group of the disaffected collected together, and turned out of her way to speak to them. Mrs. Gass was entirely at home, so to say, with every one of the men at the works; more so perhaps than a lady of better birth and breeding could ever have been. She found fault with them and commented on their failings as familiarly as though she had been one of themselves. Of the whole body of work-people, not more than three or four had consistently raised their voices against the strike. These few would willingly have gone to work again, and thought it a terrible hardship that they could not: but of course the refusal of the many to return practically closed the gates on all. Richard North could not keep his business going with only half a dozen pairs of hands in it.

"Well," began Mrs. Gass, "what's the time o' day with you men?"

The men parted at the address, and touched their caps. The "time o' day" meant, as they knew, anything but the literal question.

"How much longer do you intend to lead the lives of gentlefolk?"

"It's what we was a talking on, ma'am—how much longer Mr. Richard North 'll keep the gates closed again us," returned one, whose name was Webb, speaking boldly but respectfully.

"Don't you put the saddle on the wrong horse, Webb; I told you that the other day. Mr. Richard North didn't close the gates again you: you closed 'em again yourselves by walking out. He'd open them to you to-morrow, and be glad to do it."

"Yes, ma'am; but on the old terms," debated the man, looking obstinately at Mrs. Gass.

"What have you to say again the old terms?" demanded that lady of the men collectively. "Haven't they kept you and your families in comfort for years and years? Where was your grumblings then?—I heard of none."

"But things is changed," said Webb.

"Not a bit of it," retorted Mrs. Gass. "It's you men that have changed; not the things. I'll put a question to you, Webb—to all of you—and it won't do you no harm to answer it. If these trade union men had never come among you with their persuasions and their doctrines, should you, or should you not, have been at your work now in content and peace? Come Webb; be honest, and say."

"I suppose so," confessed Webb.

"You know so," corrected Mrs. Gass. "It is as Mr. Richard said the other day to me—the men are led away by a chimera. Which means a false fancy, Webb; a sham. There's the place"—pointing in the direction of the works, "and there's your work, waiting for you to do it. Mr. Richard will give you the same wages that he has always gave; you say you won't go to work unless he gives more: which he can't afford to do. And there it rests: you and him and the business all at a stand-still."

"And likely to be at a stand-still, ma'am," returned Webb, but always respectfully.

"Very well; let's take it at that," said Mrs. Gass, with equanimity. "Let's take it that it *lasts*, this state o' things. What's to come of it?"

Webb, an intelligent man and superior workman, looked out straight before him thoughtfully, as if seeking a solution to the question. Mrs. Gass, finding he did not answer, resumed:

"If the Trades Unions can find your permanent in food, and drink, and clothes, and firing, well and good. Let 'em do it: there'd be no more to say. But if they can't?"

"They undertake to keep us as long as the masters hold out."

"And the money—where's it had from?"

"Subscribed. All the working bodies throughout the United Kingdom subscribe to support the Trades Unions, ma'am."

"I heard," said Mrs. Gass, "that you were not getting quite as liberal a keep from the Trades Unions as they gave you to begin upon."

"That's true," interrupted one named Foster, who very much resented the shortening of the supplies.

Mrs. Gass gave a toss to her lace parasol. "I heard, too—I've seen, for the matter of that—that your wives had begun to spout their spare crockery," said she. "What 'll you do when the allowance gets less and less till it comes to nothing, and *all* your things is at the pawnshop?"

One or two of them laughed slightly. Not at her figures of speech—the homely language was their own—but at the improbability of the picture she called up. It was a state of affairs not possible to arise, they answered, while they had the Trades Unions at their backs.

"*Isn't* it," said Mrs. Gass. "Them that live the longest 'll see most. There's strikes agate all over the country. You know that, my men."

Of course the men knew it. But for the nearly universal example set by others, they might never have struck themselves.

"Very good," said Mrs. Gass. "Now look you here. You can see out before you just as well as I can, you men; you've got your senses as sharp as I've got mine. When the whole country, pretty nigh, gets on the strike, where are the subscriptions to come from for the Trades Unions? Don't it stand to common reason that there 'll be nobody to pay 'em? Who'll keep you then?"

It was the very thing wanted—that all the country should be on a strike; for then the masters must give in, was the reply given. And then the men stood their ground and looked at her.

Mrs. Gass shook her head; the feathers waved. She supposed it must be as Richard North had said—that the men in their prejudice really could not foresee what might be looming in the future.

"It seems no good my talking," she resumed: "I've said it before. If you don't come to repent, my name's not Mary Gass. I'm far from wishing it; goodness knows that; and I shall be heart-sick sorry for your wives and children when the misery comes upon 'em. Not for *you;* because you are bringing it on deliberate."

"Ma'am, we don't doubt your good wishes for us and our families generally," spoke Webb. "But, if you'll please excuse my saying of it, you stand in the shoes of a master, and naturally look on with the masters' sight. Your interests lie in that way, ours this, and they be dead opposed to each other."

"Well, now, I'll just say something," cried Mrs. Gass. "As far as my own interest goes, I don't care a jot whether the works go on again or whether they stand still forever. I've got as much money as will last me my time; if every pound that's locked up in the works is lost, it'll make no sort of difference to me, or my home, or my comforts—and you ought to know this of yourselves. I shall have as much to leave behind me too, as I care to leave. But, if you come to talk of interests, I tell you whose I do think of, more than I do of mine—and that's yours and Mr. Richard North's. I am as easy on the matter, on my own score, as a body can be; but I'm not on yours or his."

It was spoken with single-minded earnestness. In fact Mrs. Gass was incapable of attempting deceit or sophistry—and the men knew it. But they thought that, in spite of her honesty, she could but be prejudiced for the opposition cause; and consequently her words held no more weight with them than the idle wind.

"Well, I'm off," said Mrs. Gass. "I hope with all my heart that your senses will come to you. And I say it for your sakes."

"They've not left us—that we knows on," grumbled a man in a suppressed and half-insolent tone, as if he were dissatisfied with things in general.

"I hear you, Jack Allen. If you men think you know your own business best, you must follow it," concluded Mrs. Gass. "The old saying runs, A willful man must have his way. One thing I'd like you to understand: that when your wives and children shall be left without a potater to their mouths or a rag to their backs, you needn't come whining to me to help 'em. Don't you forget to bear that in mind, my men."

Waiting for her at her own home, Mrs. Gass found Richard North. That this was a very anxious time for him, might be detected by the ever-thoughtful look his face wore habitually. It was all very well for Mrs. Gass, so amply provided for, to take the reigning troubles easily; Richard was less philosophical. And with cause. His own ruin—and the final closing of the works would be nothing less—might be got over. He had his profession, his early manhood, his energies; his capability and character alike stood high; he could have no fear of making a living for himself, even though it had to be done in the service of some more fortunate firm, and not in his own. But there was his father. If the works came to a permanent close, the income Mr. North enjoyed from them could no longer be paid. All Mr. North's resources, whether hitherto derived from them or from Richard's generosity, would vanish like the mists of a summer's morning.

"What's to you, Mr. Richard?" cried Mrs. Gass when she entered, and saw him standing near the window of her dining-room. "I'd not have stopped out if I'd known you

And quiet Timothy Wilks, across whom they talked, heard all that was said, and unconsciously treasured it up in his memory.

Richard carried home the news to his father. Mr. North was seated at the table in his parlor, some papers before him. He lifted his hands in dismay.

"Dead! George Massey dead! Dick, as sure as we are here, there must be something wrong about that tontine! They'd never drop off like this, else; one after another."

"It's not much more than a week ago, sir, that I met George Massey in Wilborough, and was talking with him. To all appearance he was as healthy and likely to live as I am."

"What took him off?"

"Dale says it was nothing more than a neglected cold."

"I don't like it, Dick, I don't like it," reiterated Mr. North, "Bessy may be the next to go, or Rane."

"I hope not, father."

"Well—I've had it in my head for ever so long that that tontine is an unlucky one; I think it is going to be so to the end. We shall see. Look here, Dick."

He pointed to some of the papers before him; used checks, apparently; pushing them towards his son.

"They sent me word at the bank that my account was over-drawn. I knew it could not be, and asked for my checks. Dick, here are four or five that I never drew."

Richard took them in his fingers. The filling-up was in Madam's handwriting; the signature apparently in Mr. North's.

"Do you give Mrs. North blank checks ready signed, sir?"

"No, never, Dick. I was cured of that, years ago. When she wants money, I sometimes let her fill in the check—but I never sign it beforehand."

"And you think you have not signed these?"

"I know I have not. She has imitated my signature, and got the money."

Richard's face grew dark with shame; shame for his step-mother. But that Mr. North was her husband, it would have been downright forgery: perhaps the law, if called upon, might have accounted it such now. He took time for consideration.

"Father, I think—pardon me for the suggestion—I think you had better let your private account be passed over to me. Allow it to lie in my name; and make my signature alone available—just as it is with our business account. I see no other way of safety."

"With all my heart; I'd be glad to do it," acquiesced Mr. North, "but there's no account to pass. There's no account to pass, Dick; it's overdrawn."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MADAM'S ADVICE.

A dinner-party at Dallory Hall. Arthur Bohun was in his chamber, lazily dressing for it. Not a large dinner, this; half a dozen or so, besides themselves; and the hour six o'clock. Two gentlemen bidden to it, would have to go away by train afterwards: on such occasions the dinner of necessity must be tolerably early.

Mr. North and Richard did not approve of Madam's dinners at the most favorable times; now, with all the care of the strike upon them and the great trouble looming in the distance if that strike lasted, the breaking up of their business, the decay of their means, they looked on these fast-recurring banquets as most reprehensible. They were without power to stop them: remonstrance availed not with Madam. Sometimes the dinners were impromptu, or nearly so; Madam inviting afternoon callers at the Hall to stay; or bringing home a carriage-full of guests with her. As was partially the case on this day.

Captain Arthur Bohun, who liked to take most things easily, dressing included, stood, hair-brush in hand. He had drawn aside from the glass, and was looking from the open window. His thoughts were busy. They ran on that little episode of the morning, when Madam, passing in her carriage, had seen him with Ellen Adair, and had chosen to make display of her sentiments on the subject in the manner described. That it would not end there, Arthur felt sure: Madam would inevitably treat him to a little more of her mind. It was rather a singular thing—as if Fate had been intervening with its usual cross purposes—for circumstances so to have ordered it that Madam should still be in ignorance of their intimacy. Nearly always Mrs. Cumberland was at home, it chanced that Madam was away: and, when Madam was at the Hall, Mrs. Cumberland was elsewhere. Thus, during Mrs. Cumberland's prolonged stay at Niton Madam's presence blessed her household: the very week that that lady returned to Dallory House, Madam took her departure, and had but recently returned. She had spent the interval in Germany. Sindey North, her well-beloved son, giving trouble as usual to all who were connected with him, had found England rather warm in early spring, and had betaken himself to Germany. His chief point of sojourn was Hamburg; and Madam, with her daughter Matilda, had been making it hers since the spring. Mr. North, in the glad relief her absence brought him, had used every exertion to supply her with the money she so rapaciously sent home for. It would appear that the accommodation had not been sufficient; for—as was soon to be discovered by Richard—the checks shown to him by his father, had been drawn by her at Hamburg. And so, as Fate or Fortune had willed it, Mrs. North had been out of the way of watching the progress of the intimacy between her son and Ellen Adair.

A quick knock at the chamber-door, and Madam swept in, waiting for no response: a large crimson rose, just brought from the green-house, adorning her jet-black hair; her white-silk gown rustling and trailing after her. As well as though she had already spoken, Arthur knew what she had come for. He thought to himself that she was losing no time, and must have hurried over her toilette purposely. The carriage had not long got home, for she and Matilda had been driving to a distance, and remained out to luncheon. Arthur, not moving from where he was, began brushing at his hair hap-hazard.

"I suppose I am late, Madam?"

"Was that *you* that I passed this afternoon in Dallory Ham, talking to some girl at a house-door?" began Madam, taking no notice of his remark.

"It was me safe enough; I had been calling on Mrs. Cumberland," replied Arthur, carelessly. "Dick, also. By the way you stared, I fancied you scarcely knew me."

A little bit of banter. Madam might take it seriously, or not, as she chose. She went round to the other side of the dressing-table, and stood opposite to him at the window.

"What girl were you talking with?"

"Girl! I was with Miss Adair."

"Who is she, Arthur?"

"She is Mrs. Cumberland's ward."

"What do you know of her?"

"I know her as being at Mrs. Cumberland's. I see her when I go there."

Was he really indifferent? Standing there brushing away at his hair, lastly, now the right way, now the wrong, speaking in the most supine manner, his apparently supreme indifference could not be exceeded. Madam scanned his face in momentary silence: As was closely intent upon two sparrows, fighting over a reddening cherry on the branch of the proximate tree.

"Fight away, young gentlemen. Battle it out. You'll get all the better appetite for your supper."

"Will you attend to me for a short while, Captain Bohun," spoke Madam, irritably.

"Certainly. I am attending," was the Captain's ready answer.

Just for an instant Madam paused. This was not one of the daily petty grievances that she made people miserable over, but a trouble to her of awful meaning; almost as of life or death. In this, her own grave interests, she could control her temper, and she thought it might be the best policy to do so while she dealt with it.

"Arthur, you know that you are becoming more valuable to me," she said, with soft calmness; and Arthur Bohun opened his surprised ears at the words and tone. "Since Sidney took up his abode away from England, and cannot come back to it, poor fellow, for the present you are all I have here. If I speak, it is for your welfare."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," returned Arthur, seeing she waited for him to say something; and feeling how two-faced the words were, mother of his though she was. "What is it you wish to say?"

"It's about that girl: Miss——what do you call her?——Adair. Young men will be young men; soldiers, especially; I know that. But wrong is wrong, and it cannot by the most ingenious sophistry be converted into right. It is quite wrong to play with these village girls; as you seem to be doing with Miss Adair.

Arthur threw back his head as though his pride were hurt. Madam had seen just the same movement in his father.

"I have no intention of *playing* with Miss Adair."

A gleam shot from her eyes, half fear, half defiance. She bit her lip: and went on in a still softer tone.

"You cannot mean anything *worse*, Arthur."

"I do not understand you, Madam. Worse?"

"Anything serious. To play with village girls is reprehensible: but—"

"I beg your pardon, mother—this is quite unnecessary. The playing with village girls—whatever that may mean—is not a habit of mine, and never has been. The caution might be more appropriate, if applied to your own servants than it is to me."

"Allow me to finish, Arthur. To play with village girls is reprehensible; but to intend anything serious with one would be far more so in your case. Will you profit by the caution?"

"If you wish me to comprehend the word 'serious,' you must speak out. What does it mean?"

"It means *marriage*," she answered, with a burst of temper—so far as tone might convey it. "I allude to this absurd intimacy of yours with Miss Adair. You must be intimate with the girl: your look and attitude, as I passed to-day, proved it."

"And if I did mean marriage: what then?"

He asked the question jokingly, laughing a little: but he was not prepared for the effect it had on his mother. Her eyes flashed fire, her lips trembled, her face turned whiter than death.

"Marriage! With *her!* You must be dreaming, Arthur Bohun."

"Not dreaming; joking," he said, lightly. "You may be at ease, Madam. I have no intention of marrying any one at present."

"You must never marry Miss Adair."

"No?"

"Arthur Bohun, you are treating all this with mockery," she exclaimed; beginning in truth to believe that he really was. And the relief was great; though the tacit disrespect angered her. "How dare you imply that you could think seriously of these village girls?—only to annoy and frighten me."

"You must be easily frightened to-day, Madam. I don't think I did imply it. As to Miss Adair—"

"Yes, as to Miss Adair," fiercely interrupted Madam. "Go on."

"I was about to say that in speaking of Miss Adair, we might as well recognise her true position. It is not quite respectful to be alluding to her as a 'village girl.' She is a lady, born and bred."

"Perhaps you will next say that she is equal to the Bohuns?"

"I do not wish to say it. Don't you think this conversation may as well cease, Madam?" added Arthur, after a short pause. "Why should it have been raised? One might suppose I had asked your consent to my marriage: whereas you know perfectly well that I am a poor man with not the slightest chance of taking a wife."

"Poor men get engaged sometimes, Arthur, thinking they'll wait—and wait. Seeing you with that girl—the world calls her good-looking, I believe—I grew into an awful fright for your sake. It would be most disastrous for you to marry beneath your rank: a Bohun never holds up his head afterwards if he does that: and I thought I ought to speak a word of warning to you. You must take a suitable wife when you do marry: one fit to mate with the future Sir Arthur Bohun."

"To mate with plain Arthur Bohun. To call me the future Sir Arthur, is stretching possibility out very wide indeed, Madam," he added, laughing.

"Not at all. You will as surely succeed as that I am telling it you. Look at that puny James Bohun! A few years at most, will see the last of him."

"I hope not, for his father's sake. Any way, he may live long enough to marry and leave children behind him. Is your lecture at an end, Madam?" he jestingly concluded. "If so, perhaps you may as well leave me to get my coat on; or I shall have to keep the dinner waiting."

"I have another word," said Madam; "your coat can keep. Miss Dallory dines here."

"Miss Dallory! I thought she was in Switzerland. Did she come over in a balloon to dine with us?"

"She is staying with her brother Frank—I and Matilda called at Ham Court just now and brought her with us."

"Did you bring him?"

"I did not see him; they said he was not in the way. But now—why do I mention this?"

"As a bit of gossip for me, I suppose. It's very good of you. My coat and the dinner can certainly wait."

"I have brought Miss Dallory here for your sake, Arthur Bohun, was the rejoinder, spoken with emphatic meaning. "*She* is the young lady you will do well to think of as your future wife."

Madam went out of the room with much stately rustle, and swept down-stairs. Another minute, and the door opened again to admit Richard North. Captain Bohun had not progressed further in dressing, or stirred from his place; but was leaning against the window-frame in abstraction, whistling softly.

"Madam's in a way, is she not?" began Richard, in a low tone. "My window was open, Arthur, and I was obliged to catch a word here and there. I made all kinds of noises, but you did not take the hint."

"*She* didn't; and I would as soon you heard as not," was Captain Bohun's answer. "You are ready I see, Dick."

"The course of true love never did run smooth, you know," said Richard, laughing.

"And never will. Whenever I read of the old patriarchal days, in which a man had only to fix on a wife and bring her home to his tent; and look on all that has to be considered in these—money, and suitability of family, and settlements—I wonder whether it can be the same world. Madam need not fear that I have any chance of marrying."

"Or you'd not be long a bachelor."

"I don't know about that."

"You don't know! Why you do know: and so do I. I've seen how it is for some weeks now, Arthur."

"Seen what?"

Richard smiled.

"Seen what?"

"How it is between you and Ellen Adair."

"You think you have!"

"Think! You love her, don't you?"

Arthur Bohun put down the hair-brush gently, which he had held all the while, and moved to get his coat.

"Dick, old fellow, whether it will come to anything between us, or not, I cannot tell," he said, his voice strangely deep, his brow flushing with emotion; "but I shall never care for any one else as I care for her."

"Then secure her," answered Dick.

"I might be tempted to do it, in spite of my mother, had I the wherewithal to set up a home. But I've not."

"You have more than double what Rane and Bessy have."

"Rane and Bessy! But Bessy is one in a thousand. I couldn't ask a wife to come home to me on that."

"Just as you think fit, of course. Take care, though, you don't get her snapped up. I should fear it if it were my case. Ellen Adair is the loveliest girl I ever saw, and I think her the sweetest. I could but look at her as we sat in Mrs. Cumberland's room this morning. Other men will be finding it out, Arthur; if they have not already done so."

Arthur never answered. He had gone back to his former post and was leaning against the window-frame, looking out dreamily.

"Madam objects, I presume?"

"I presume she would if I put it to her," assented Arthur, as if the proposition admitted of no dispute.

"I don't see why she should. Or you, either."

"I'm afraid, Dick, we Bohuns have our full share of family pride."

"But—Mr. Adair is no doubt a gentleman."

"Oh, yes. That is, not in trade," added Arthur, carelessly.

"Well, a gentleman is a gentleman," said Richard.

"Of course. But I take it for granted that he holds no position in the world. And we Bohuns, you know—"

Arthur stopped. Richard North laughed.

"You Bohuns would like to mate only *with* position. A daughter—for example—of the Lord Lieutenant of the county."

"Exactly," assented Arthur, echoing the laugh, but very much in earnest, for all that. "Madam has been recommending Miss Dallory to my notice."

"Who?" cried Richard, rather sharply.

"Mary Dallory."

"You might do worse," observed Richard, after a pause.

"No doubt of that, friend. She is down-stairs."

"Who is down-stairs?"

"She. So Madam has just informed me."

"There's the gong."

"And be hanged to it!" returned Arthur, getting into his coat. "I wish to goodness Madam did not give us the trouble of putting on dinner dress every other day! Neither are entertainments seemly in your house during these troubled times."

"What's more, I don't see how they will get paid for, if the trouble continues," candidly spoke Richard. "Madam must be uncommonly sanguine to expect they can be."

"Or careless," returned Arthur Bohun in a low tone. "Dick, old fellow, it's a bad sign when a man has no good word to give his mother."

That every grain of filial affection had long gone out of his breast and been replaced by a feeling near akin to shame and contempt, Arthur Bohun was only too conscious of. He strove to be dutiful; but it was at times a hard task. Living under the same roof as his mother, her sins against good manners and good feeling were brought under his notice perpetually; he was more sensitively alive to them than even others could be.

Since Arthur Bohun had quitted the army and recovered from the long sickness that followed on his wound, Dallory Hall had been his ostensible home. Latterly he had made it really such; for Dallory Ham contained an attraction from which he could not tear himself. Ellen Adair had his heart's best love: and, far from her he could not wander. A pure, ardent love, honorable as every true passion must be in an honorable man, but swaying his every action with its power. Sir Nash Bohun invited him in vain. His aunt, Miss Bohun, with whom he was a great favorite, could not think why he went so rarely to see her, or, when he did go, made his visit a flying one. Arthur Bohun possessed a few hundreds a year—about four—just enough to keep him as a gentleman; and he had none of the bad habits that run away with young men's money. Miss Bohun would leave him fairly off when she died: so he was at ease on the score of the future. One day, after he had been at Dallory Hall for a few months, he put a hundred-pound bank-note into Richard North's hands.

"What is this for?" questioned Richard.

Arthur told him. The embarrassments in the Hall's financial department (caused by Madam) were lightly touched on: this was Arthur's contribution towards his own share of the cost. In the surprise of the moment Richard North's spirit rose, and fought at it. Arthur quietly persisted.

"As long as I pitch myself among you in the home tent here, I shall hand over this sum every six months. To you, Dick: there's nobody else to be trusted with it. If I gave it to Bessy, she would be safe to speak of it, and it might be wiled out of her."

"I never heard of such nonsense in my life," cried Richard. "You will not get me to take it. I'd not countenance anything of the kind."

"Yes you will, Dick. You'd not like me to take up my abode at the 'Dallory Arms.' I declare on my honor I shall do so, if I am forced to be as a guest at the Hall."

"But, Arthur—"

"Dick, my friend, there's no need of argument. I mean what I say. Don't drive me away. The 'Dallory Arms' would not be very comfortable as a home; and I should drift away, goodness knows where."

"As if one inmate, more or less, made any difference in our home expenses."

"As if it did not. I have no right or claim whatever to be living on your father. Don't make me small in my own eyes, frere Richard. You know that you'd feel the same in my place, and do the same. No one need know of this but our two selves, Dick."

Richard gave in: he saw that Arthur was resolute: and, after all, it was just. So he took the bank-note to account, and told his father; and Arthur Bohun stayed on, his conscience at peace. Once, in one of Madam's furious onslaughts of temper, when she spared nobody, she had abused her son for staying at the Hall, and living upon her. Upon *her!* Arthur parried the attack with a careless kind of good humor, merely saying he was Dick's guest. When Dick turned him out of the Hall he should go.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

NOTICE.

Our subscribers will oblige us greatly by always remitting as soon as possible in answer to our bills. The amount in each case is small, but in the whole is very considerable, and therefore of importance to us. By bearing this request in mind and complying therewith, our friends will show themselves friends indeed. This of course does not apply to the subscribers in clubs, whose papers are invariably stopped at the end of the period for which they have paid.

THE HAPPY DISPATCH.

The Japanese Parliament lately discussed the practice of the "harakiri," "seppuku," or the "happy dispatch," which we in this uncivilized land would call suicide, but which is allowed as an exclusive privilege of their high rank to the soldier-class in Japan. The proposition however to abolish the practice, received only three votes in a House of 300 members—six abstaining from voting. The following is a sample of the Conservative reasoning of the advocates of the "happy dispatch:"—

Tominaga Shun said:—

The custom of "seppuku" is founded on high principle, courage and integrity, and is worthy of the highest praise. To prohibit it would be to remove one of the pillars of the Constitution.

Takeida Heninski improved upon this. He said:

The custom of "seppuku" is an ornament to our country, and is one reason of its superiority over the countries beyond the seas. An honorable sense of shame should be encouraged, and the spirit of the soldier caste stirred up; whereas the proposed prohibition would weaken the natural vigor of the nation, and steal away the high spirit which has for ages animated it.

In the same spirit Isobei Kangoro argued:—

The punishment of death by "seppuku" is an article of the criminal code. Will the prohibition of it cause no embarrassment in the working of our Constitution? Cases of suicide in anticipation of a judicial order, whether committed for the sake of lord or parent, or compelled by a sense of duty, ought to be looked on with indulgence, and all the circumstances fully considered. Such persons should be deemed to have died a natural death, and their maintaining their integrity to the last should have our sympathy. Why should this custom be prohibited, in imitation of the effeminacy of foreign nations?

In Houda Kudsum's opinion "the reason why the 'seppuku' is practised in this Empire and not in foreign countries, is because this Empire is an Empire. There are several classes of those who pass sentence on themselves without awaiting orders. Some have remonstrated with their lord or parent, and on their remonstrances being disregarded have given weight to them by committing suicide. Others have died to restore peace to their country. When should we interdict the 'seppuku' in cases where it is performed while the guilt of the accused remains uncertain? Self-condemnation is a sign of a nature uncorrupted and unconscious of shame."

To Lato Goro it was clear that the blunt swords of the Western countries are unfit instruments for committing "seppuku." It is an act displaying courage and a cheerful alacrity, and it is therefore deserving of praise.

Koseki Yomore thought a prohibition of the practice of self-punishment by the "seppuku" might be carried into execution in a country where propriety, principle and a sense of shame are unknown. "In this country of the gods, and under our present reformed government, is it necessary to discuss such a law."

Instead of abolishing the practice, Sandaka Hakusa would extend and foster it. He declared that the "seppuku" has its origin in the sacred vital energy of this divine country, and is the shrine of the Japanese National spirit (Yamato spirit.) Unquestionably it should not be prohibited. Its practice should be extended, and by this means a sense of shame fostered, and the "seppuku" should be famous throughout the world as an example of devotion to principle. It ought to be introduced into our criminal code as the form of capital punishment for those above the rank of Samurai.

The above reads almost like a travesty of certain discussions in our Legislative assemblies, when the destruction of some old and venerable relic of barbarism has been proposed. Of course there is something to be said for "harakiri." It doubtless owes its origin and practice to a morbid sensitiveness as to shame, and an almost insane contempt of death—feelings having a noble origin, but carried to a sad abuse in the "happy dispatch."

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

The real causes of the war are beginning to appear, and our hasty fellow-citizens who have taken side with one party or the other, are becoming aware of the unwisdom of their course.

The *London Times* has published an alleged project of a Treaty submitted several years ago by France to Prussia, which proposed a mutual strengthening of the two Powers, at the expense of their weaker neighbors. France, it would appear from this, wanted Luxembourg and Belgium, and was willing that Prussia should annex the South German States, Austria excepted. Prussia, according to her own account, virtuously declined the temptation; but, according to a French account, wanted liberty to annex Holland also, which France would not hear for a moment, but would consider a declaration of war.

The *London Times*, which first published the proposed Treaty, says that, after carefully weighing the evidence, it thinks the authenticity of the Treaty is fully established. It is clear, it says, that both parties are involved in the conspiracy, touching which they should now make a clean breast.

Earl Granville, in the House of Lords, admitted that he had received a despatch containing a copy of the secret treaty published in the Times, but he had the assurance of the French Ambassador that the proposals originated in Berlin and were declined by France.

Well, perhaps there was such a project—it is not very unreasonable to suppose it—and perhaps there was not. Perhaps Prussia would not accede to its terms, because she was too virtuous, or, it may be, because she wanted more booty than was therein stipulated. Or perhaps it was France that was the tempted party, as Earl Granville seems to believe. We, at the distance of 3,000 miles, can thank our stars that we are not compelled to decide in a hurry such difficult questions, but can look on coolly and impartially, watch the development of the game, and finally pronounce our verdict, it is to be hoped, with the calmness and force of impartial History itself.

STREET BEGGARS.

A lesson to the many foolish people who think it charity to give indiscriminately to beggars, was afforded by a recent case in New York, where a woman with a feeble and emaciated child in her arms was detected by a lady sticking a pin into its limbs every few minutes, in order to arouse the sympathies of the passers. The child's limbs were found to be in a greatly inflamed condition, as the result of this torture. The child of course was a hired one.

It probably is not an exaggeration to say that at least nine beggars out of ten in our large cities, are worthless impostors. Every large town and city should have its House of Employment, and no beggar should be allowed in its streets. Officers should be appointed to attend to the cases of real suffering, and to see that sturdy beggars are put to work.

side even in our sympathies with neither party. One of these days we may be able to see clearly who is responsible for a war between two professedly Christian nations, which will waste millions of money, devastate fair territories, and offer up vast hecatombs of human victims to Moloch, god of War.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S OPINION.

Probably few women in the world have a better position from which to judge of the fitness of woman to take part in politics than the Queen of England. Our readers therefore will be interested in the following statement which we find in *The Galaxy*:—

Some of the ladies who read The Galaxy may be interested in learning that the Queen of England is "dead against" the woman suffrage movement. Not long since a literary lady in London wrote a pamphlet of rather a vehement style in opposition to the demand of her "suffering sisters" for emancipation—in fact, denouncing and reprobating her suffering sisters because they asked for the suffrage. The authoress sent a copy of the pamphlet to Mr. Gladstone, who returned thanks for it in a letter glowing with commendation, and asked for a few copies to be distributed among "persons of the highest influence." The copies were forwarded to the Premier by the delighted authoress; and after awhile the latter received a letter written by command of the Queen herself, commending the pamphlet, and enclosing a sum of money towards the expense of its more general circulation. Now, Queen Victoria's subjects do say that when the sovereign gives, unsolicited, a sum of money towards any object, she must have that subject tremendously at heart indeed. Here then we have the odd phenomenon of a woman who is the ruling chief magistrate of a great country, and head of the national church, endorsing and enforcing the principle that women have no right to take any part in politics.

We do not think it very "odd" that Queen Victoria should hold the opinions she does. Her own position is a very exceptional one. And in her "Diary" she speaks of the great weight of responsibility her duties as Queen laid upon her, and the relief she found in the masculine strength of mind and the sound judgment of Prince Albert. It is evident that her own experience has proved to her the unfitness of women for the cares of state.

GOLD.

We see it stated that the Bank of France, in order to stop the exportation of gold, has commenced paying notes half gold and half silver. If this be so, specie payment probably will ultimately be suspended in Europe if the war should go on—which we suppose would tend to check the drain of gold from this country to Europe.

PAULINA LYNDE.—Owing to a press of good articles this week, we shall put off the conclusion of the story of "Paulina Lynde" to another number.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FEMININE SOUL: Its Nature and Attributes. With thoughts upon Marriage, and Friendly Hints upon Feminine Duties. By ELIZABETH STRUTT, author of "The Book of the Fathers," "Young Christian's Companion," etc. Published by Henry H. & T. W. Carter, 11 Beacon street, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS. A Story of the Revolution. By the author of "The Scout." With Illustrations. Our readers who read and enjoyed this story a number of years ago in the columns of THE POST, now have an opportunity of procuring it in book form. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HAYS, M. D. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philada.

THE GALAXY. The August number contains the beginning of "Overland," and articles on "American Timidity," "Bread and Its Adulterations," "Chapters from Mr. Thurlow Weed," "Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton," "How Napoleon I. Managed a Theatre," "The Vaccination Question," "The Styles of Disraeli and Dickens," Editorial matter, &c. The article on "American Timidity" is about the best bit of plain speaking we have seen lately. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The August number contains the eighth portion of Bayard Taylor's capital story of "Joseph and his Friends," "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," "Oldtown Fireside Stories," by Mrs. Stowe; "A Virginian in New England Thirty-five Years Ago," by James Russell Lowell; "Some Memories of Charles Dickens," Reviews and Literary Notices, &c. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE. The August number contains the usual amount of choice selections from foreign current literature. For sale by Turner & Co., Phila.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—The August number contains "Southern Society," "Amy's Lover," "The Virginia Tourist," "The Hypothesis of Evolution," &c. Mr. Edward Spencer contributes an article on "Our Castles," in which he endeavors to show that we have no "Castle," in the old sense that "every man's house is his castle," in this country, owing to the invasion of our privacy by the news reporters and other odious Paul Prys. We do not consider the case half so bad as Mr. Spencer states it, but still his article will do no harm. When this gentleman writes again however, it would perhaps be an improvement not to deal so much in Latin quotations. We think he might express all his ideas in English without a very great strain upon the resources of our mother tongue. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

CHANGE.—The National Anti-Slavery Standard, which has been published as a monthly magazine since April last, is to be resumed as a weekly journal. It will omit "Anti-Slavery" and be known hereafter as THE NATIONAL STANDARD. It will be devoted to Reform, Radical Politics, and Literature. It will, as heretofore, be under the editorial management of Mr. A. M. Powell. The first number of the new series of The National Standard will be issued Saturday, July 30, and will contain an article by Wendell Phillips on the Chinese Question.

NEW POEM BY WHITTIER.

[The following poem appears in the Boston Transcript. It was sent to a recent social meeting by Mr. Whittier, who is now at the Isles of Shoals.]

From these wild rocks I look to-day
O'er leagues of dancing waves, and see
The misty coast-line stretch away,
And mark the spot where you must be.

I listen, and I seem to hear
The pleasant voices of old days,
The pines that shade the Isle of Deer,
The rippling river's song of praise.

Dear friends! I send you what I can;
I float across the severing tide
All that a shy or silent man
Could give if sitting by your side.

I thank you for sweet festal days,
For tender memories lingering long,
For joyful meetings, fond delays,
And ties of friendship woven strong.

Not vainly has your work been done;
For many a heart else cold and dim
Those sweet June days are shining on,
And woods and waters sing their hymn.

O friends! whose lives still keep their prime,
Whose bright example warms and cheers,
Ye teach us how to smile at time
And set to music all his years!

Make room, O river of our home,
For other feet in place of ours;
And in the summers yet to come,
Lapse softly by the Feast of Flowers.

Hold in thy mirror, calm and deep,
The pleasant pictures thou hast seen;
Forget thy lovers not, but keep
Our memory, like thy laurels, green!

The Crops.

From the report of the Department of Agriculture for July, just issued, it appears that the condition of wheat is above an average: In Maine, spring, 3 per cent.; New Hampshire, 2; Virginia winter, 1; North Carolina, 1; Georgia, 10; Alabama, 8; Tennessee, 6; West Virginia, 3; Kentucky, 3; Kansas, 2; Nebraska, 2; Oregon, 3. An average is indicated in South Carolina and Arkansas; and the following states fall below an average prospect: Vermont spring 9 per cent.; Massachusetts, 3; New York, 12; New Jersey winter, 20; Pennsylvania winter, 9; Delaware, 35; Maryland, 30; Mississippi, 2; Texas, 13; Missouri, 15; Illinois winter, 5, and spring, 25; Indiana winter, 10; Ohio winter, 9; Michigan, 15; Wisconsin winter, 15, and spring, 25; Minnesota, 15; Iowa, 15; California, 5; Oregon, 4. The great wheat-growing districts all show a reduction in their condition, rendering it certain that the crop of this year will be materially less than that of 1869. The average depreciations of thirteen per cent. and diminution in breadth of about six per cent. would make the present estimate about two hundred and ten million bushels, the decrease being at least forty-eight million. The increase in the acreage of corn is greater than the decrease in wheat. It may be placed at 5 per cent. or about one million seven hundred and fifty thousand acres. There appears to be a very slight increase in New England; about 2 per cent. in the middle states; a decrease in the cotton states east of the Mississippi, and a still larger increase in the heart of the West. It is estimated at 10 per cent. in Illinois; 10 in Indiana, 5 in Ohio, 2 in Michigan, 8 in Wisconsin, 20 in Minnesota, 15 in Iowa, 25 in Nebraska, and 15 in Kansas. Throughout the West the indications of a good crop have never been so general since the inauguration of the official crop returns. The increase in acreage of cotton averages 12 per cent., and aggregates nearly a million of acres. The people are devoting their energies to cotton. The condition of the crops is so far favorable—fully an average in Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Arkansas, and slightly below an average in the Carolinas, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, and Tennessee. Neither caterpillar nor boll-worm has yet appeared, and there are few drawbacks which favorable weather cannot repair. With an average season the present acreage should give nearly 3,500,00 bales. With one like the last, the product would be little short of 4,000,000. The crop was of so remarkable a character for continued growth and late picking that our October estimate (a reasonable one at the time,) of 2,700,000 bales was advanced at the close of the season to 3,000,000.

The oat crop is looking better than would be expected, in view of the heat and drought. Its condition is a full average in about half the states, including all of New England except Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Oregon. It is less promising in New York, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Texas, and all the western states, in which the deficit ranges from 9 to 23 per cent.

There is an increase of acreage of tobacco in Virginia and Kentucky. Our returns show an aggregate increase of about 5 per cent. A slight decrease is indicated in Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri. The appearance of the crop is superior in Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. Drought has injured it on the north side of the Ohio.

The prospect for apples is unusually good from Maine to Georgia, except Pennsylvania and Maryland. Tennessee is the only interior state which can claim an average.

Peaches are somewhat less abundant than apples. The prospect in New Jersey is returned at 2 per cent. above an average. Delaware will not have a full yield. Illinois is placed at 5 per cent. below an average, and Michigan at 10. Peaches and other fruits were destroyed by frost in March throughout the Gulf states.

Grapes generally promise remarkably well. A full average is indicated in California, Missouri, and Ohio, and very few states make unfavorable returns.

The apple and peach crops are greatly infested by insects in the Middle States.

The wheat crop of New York will be an average of fully a half if not three-quarters more, compared with last year's, but in point of quality is is much superior. About the same amount of barley was sown as last year, but it is too early now to decide as to its quality. The berry will be large, but may not be bright; adverse weather may yet change the whole aspect of this crop. Of oats the yield will be large and the crop fully up in amount to last year's, as a much larger amount was sown than last year, and throughout the season the weather has been favorable to its growth, which the late rains have materially improved.

Praiseworthy.

We see it stated that the Government of France has asked the Berlin Cabinet whether, in case of hostilities, they would permit explosive bullets, and notified them that should they do so, France would not hesitate to follow their example. The answer of the Berlin Cabinet was, that they never intended to resort to such a method of warfare.

The Official Journal makes the following announcements: The Emperor has decided on the proposition of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, that all subjects of Prussia, or of States allied with Prussia, now in France or French colonies, shall be permitted to remain so long as their conduct furnishes no cause for complaint. Admission from this date to the territory of France of subjects of Prussia, or allied States, will be subject to special permission, given only exceptionally. In regard to vessels of commerce belonging to the enemy the following rules will be observed: To such vessels now in French ports, or which may enter said ports in ignorance of the war, a delay of thirty days will be granted for their departure, and safe conduct will be given them until their arrival at their destination, or at ports to which they belong. Vessels having shipped cargoes for France, on account of French parties, before the declaration of war, are not liable to capture, and may safely discharge their cargoes, and load with others, in ports of the empire, after which they will receive safe conduct to the ports to which they belong.

All of these movements are highly praiseworthy in Louis Napoleon.

Early American History.

The New Yord World recently contained a letter from a French savant who claims that for the last twenty years he has been engaged in deciphering manuscripts and the ancient inscriptions in Mexico. This gentleman, besides carrying on his investigations at his own expense, was, in 1861, placed by the Emperor Napoleon on the Commission for the scientific exploration of Mexico during the reign of Maximilian. The results of these twenty years' labors may be summed up as follows: History of the Civilized Nations of Mexico and Central America, in four volumes; The Sacred Books and Myths of the American Nations; Grammars of the Dialects and Explanations of the Methods of Writing and of Deciphering Inscriptions. The above works are written in French, and this scientific explorer is now engaged in translating into French "The Annals of Mexico," commencing, it is alleged, 10,500 years before the Christian era. These annals, it is stated, were compiled by the sacerdotal colleges of ancient times, and record the various changes on the earth's surface, and the extensive migrations of the large tribes at different periods.

We are not quite sure however that the whole thing is not a hoax. If true, it is very interesting.

Grain Speculation.

[From the New York Commercial Advertiser.]

The European conflict promises to make speculation in Chicago fully as brisk or even more so than in New York. Wheat has already advanced there from 18 to 20 per cent., and her produce exchange is enlivened by scenes hardly less pandemoniumlike than are now witnessed in our Gold Board. For once the hold-back policy promises profit to the grain producers and middlemen of the West. Farmers, country merchants, owners of elevators, railroads, warehouses, speculators—everybody at the West—have been holding on to their grain through the long-protracted period of low prices. Now comes an unexpected demand for these cereals, and they are in high feather. The whole West may, in fact, be said to be in a broad laugh over the prospect of having her grain toted off at high prices. This war means ducats for the farmers, an active carrying business for the railroads, lucrative margins for Chicago brokers, and big profits or big losses for the speculators, according as they are with or against the market. Chicago will undoubtedly continue to be as she is now, the grain centre of the New World. She will make quotations for the East as well as the West, and determine, to a great extent, how large supplies can be shipped to foreign consumers.

☞ A patent device for economising fuel has recently been put in the Lewiston (Maine) Mills. It consists of a hopper and a mill for grinding coals, reducing the fuel to fine dust, which is carried by the blower into the furnace with air enough to produce immediate combustion. The coal dust leaps into flame like a flake of powder. It is claimed that this device saves 33 per cent. of the expense of making steam. It is said that steam can be generated in one-half the time required by the ordinary use of fuel.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—About 1000 bbls of City Mills family and 900 bbls City Mills extra sold on private terms, and 20,000 bbls, in lots, at prices ranging from $5.25@5,75 for superfine; $6@6,25 for extra; $6,75@7,50 for low grade and choice North-West family; $7@7,10 for Pennsylvania family; $7@7,75 for Ohio and Indiana family. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $5,75@6. 900 bbls of Corn Meal sold on private terms.

GRAIN—20,000 bus of Indiana red sold on private terms, 10,000 bus do on private terms, 4000 bus do at $1,55@1,57, 2000 bus new Delaware at $1,63@1,65, 20,000 of Pennsylvania red at $1,56@170, and 900 bus old Indiana and Ohio red at $1,50@1,70, and small lots of Western and Southern white at $1,70@1,75 ₩ bus, as to quality. Rye—6000 bus sold at $1,10@1,12½ for Western, and $1,12@1,14 for Pennsylvania. Corn—50,000 bus Western mixed sold at $1,06@1,12; 12,000 bus Western yellow at $1,06@1,14, and 18,000 bus Pennsylvania and Delaware yellow at $1,07@1,15. Oats—87,000 bus sold at 64@65c for Pennsylvania, 67@68c for Southern, and 60@62c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $20@21. Mess Beef may be quoted at $12@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $35@36 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 21@23c; Excelsior hams at 24c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 14½@15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 20@21½c, and shoulders in salt at 13½c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 16½@17c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 18c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 28@32c; very choice do 33c; choice New York tub at 28@30c. Cheese—Sales at 14c. Eggs sell at 24@26c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—300 bales of middlings sold at 30c for uplands and 30½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of No. 1 Quercitron $35 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—There is a steady demand for prime Western at 71@80c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried peaches and Apples—Sales of Apples at 4@5c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 8@9c for halves, and 17@18c for pared.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,30@1,60; mixed do, $1,20@1,40; Straw, $1,10@1,30.

IRON—There is very little doing; small sales of No. 1 sold at $22@23; No. 2 is quoted at $19@20,00. In Scotch Pig we hear of no sales worthy of notice. Bar Iron is quoted at $70@77 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clovereed is dull at $8,50@10. Timothy at $7@8. Flaxseed at $2,25@2,35 ₩ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2163 head. The prices realized from 9½@9¾ cts ₩ lb. 800 Cows brought from $30 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₩ lb. 2700 Hogs sold at from $11,50 to 13,00 ₩ 160 lbs.

☞ Apropos of the small-pox and the French habit of kissing, which is so agreeable under certain circumstances, a learned doctor writes to the papers to prove that this habit has its dangers as well as its pleasures. He says that the contact of lips is sufficient to communicate almost any malady, and highly extols the more sanitary expression of feeling practiced in England, known as "une gracieuse poignee des mains." He winds up by warning his readers that "a kiss may end often in death!"

☞ The reply uncourteous was given to an enthusiast who was speaking of a late marriage between a military man and an advanced spinster in these words:

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

Reply: "Yes, none but the brave can live with some of them."

☞ Punch and Judy gives a remarkable illustration of "proof-positive." Wife (who has been sitting up).—"Well, this is a pretty time to come home. Four o'clock!" Husband (who has taken but one glass of a curious compound, spoken of, by himself, as "whiskanwarra").—"Wha' you mean, madam, by 'Forklock?' Unfort'nly for you, madam, it sho'appens, curiouslenuff, I parsh'd Big Ben, madam, and heard it strike one [hic] several times, madam!" [Retires to bed in triumph in his boots.]

☞ A NEW IRISH BULL.—The Detroit Tribune says that a resident of that city, who lives on a fashionable thoroughfare, observed a man whom he did not care to see coming towards his door, and hurriedly instructed Bridget to tell the person that he was not at home. "All right, sir," said Bridget, as she made haste to answer the door bell. "Is Mr. —— at home?" inquired the caller. "Faith an' he's gone out," responded the obedient servant. "When will he be at home?" asked the man at the door. "Hould on a minnit," put in Bridget, "*an' I'll ax him.*"

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have had one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in use fourteen years, during which time I have worked constantly on it, and it has never cost one cent for repairs, for it has never been out of repair."—*E. A. Page, Keene, N. H.*

Nevermore

Can the coarse, gritty tooth powders and tooth-destroying chemical fluids find a place on the toilets of sensible people? The fragrant and preservative SOZODONT has superseded them all.

"SPALDING'S GLUE" mends furniture, toys, crockery, all ornamental work.

A Revolution in Cookery.

Since the introduction of the patent SEA MOSS FARINE, a complete revolution has taken place in that department of cookery to which we owe the luxuries of the dessert. The most delicious blanc mange, jelly, custard, Charlotte Russe, light puddings, &c., are produced from this palatable nutrient, at about one-third of the former cost. A great economy of time as well as money is effected by its use. The preparations made from it are pronounced by physicians to be the best possible diet for consumptives, dyspeptics, and persons suffering from biliousness and general debility. Convalescents fatten on them, and gain rapidly in muscular strength as well as in flesh. The Sea Moss Farine Co., 58 Park Place, New York, who are manufactoring this article from the best Irish Moss, in enormous quantities, produce an array of medical and general testimony in its favor, which is perfectly overwhelming, and must set all doubts of its superiority as an alimentary staple (if any exist) entirely at rest.

A BOLD HAND AT THE HELM, OR HELMBOLD.—A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press quite recently, stating that Helmbold, the celebrated New York Druggist, pays the Tribune of that city over $10,000 per year for advertising. Helmbold's business must be immense to enable him to pay such a sum of money to one paper out of some fifteen or sixteen hundred in which he advertises. By his judicious, but at the same time extensive advertising, Helmbold has made his "Buchu" and other proprietary compounds standard remedies in almost every household in the land; while the medical faculty, whose approbation is never gained for a nostrum, not only recommend Helmbold's preparations, but quite generally use them in their private practice. If some thousands of business men, who have been content to plod along in the old fogy footsteps of their ancestors, who looked upon newspaper advertising as money thrown away, had but possessed Helmbold's sagacity and courage, they might, perhaps, figure quite as largely in the Income-Tax returns.—*New York Times.*

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan

on the face use PERRY'S "MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known for removing brown discolorations. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists in Philadelphia and elsewhere. jy2-3t

The Prettiest Woman in New York

Miss K——, well known in our fashionable society for her *distingue* appearance and beautiful complexion, was once a sallow, rough-skinned girl, chagrinned at her red, freckled face. She pitched into Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and is now as pretty in complexion as she is charming in manners. This article overcomes freckles, tan, sallowness, moth-patches, ring-marks, etc., and makes one look ten years younger than they are. Magnolia Balm for a transparent complexion, and Lyon's Kathairon to make the hair plentiful, luxuriant, soft and delicate, have no rivals. The Kathairon prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the best and cheapest dressing in the world. jy2-3t

Be Beautiful. Restore Nature's Losses.

Use "*London Hair Color Restorer*" to restore the gray hairs and insure a luxurious growth. The best in the world. Price 75 cents. Address orders to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 830 North Sixth st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. je18-eowtf

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. jy16-4t

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Harp, Organ, Guitar and Cabinet Organ, and desiring further information will please apply for Circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale New London Co., Conn. jy2-3m

Music Vale Seminary

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Health's Best Defence.

"The weak eateth herbs," says St. Paul, so that eighteen hundred years ago the value of medicinal plants was appreciated. In the Old Testament botanical remedies are repeatedly recommended, but in no passage of sacred history is man recommended to swallow calomel, or blue pill, or any other mineral preparation. The sick were directed to eat herbs to strengthen them, to purify them, to heal them, to restore them. In that day the art of making vegetable extracts was unknown. The herbal medicines were mere infusions.

It was reserved for a later age to unite the sanitary essences of tonic, aperient and anti-bilious roots, barks, and plants, with an active stimulant, and thus secure their rapid diffusion through the debilitated or disordered system. The crowning triumph of this effective mode of concentrating and applying the virtues of medicinal vegetables was achieved in the production of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Never before had a perfectly pure alcoholic stimulant been combined with the expressed juices of the finest specifics of the vegetable kingdom. Never yet, though eighteen years have elapsed since its introduction, has this great restorative been equalled. It is taken at all seasons, in all climes, as the most potent safeguard against epidemics, as a protection against all unhealthy exhalations that produce debility or beget disease; as a remedy for intermittent and other malarious fevers; as an appetizer; as a sovereign cure for dyspepsia; as a general tonic and invigorant; as a gentle, painless aperient; as a blood depurent; as a nervine; as a cure for bilious affections; as a harmless anodyne; and as the *best defence of health* under unfavorable circumstances, such as sedentary pursuits, undue bodily or mental exertion, hardship, privation and exposure. jy2-3t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over man, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book. 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my31-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 135 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. William Cathcart, Mr. FRANCIS HOOPY to Miss MARY E. SCULL, both of Atlantic county, N. J.

On the 9th of May, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM H. BURSON to Miss ROSY LIGHT, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. ARTHUR S. LOBLEY to Miss ELEANOR M. WHITE, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. L. B. Hartman, Mr. LOUIS PLANT to Miss PHILENA ROGERS, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. Y. Ashton, Mr. JOHN STRONG to Miss ELLA MCGARVEY, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Lucas, Mr. GEORGE W. GREEN to Miss KATE CONNER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, GEORGE BLACKFORD, in his 81st year.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. SARAH RUTH, in her 53d year.

On the 18th instant, SAMUEL HORNER, Sr., in his 77th year.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. MARGARET J. MURREY, aged 27 years.

On the 17th instant, MARGARET, wife of William French, aged 71 years.

On the 17th instant, JOSEPH CARTERET, aged 68 years.

On the 10th instant, MARY MALIBDA, wife of Edward W. Miller, in her 28th year.

On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH COOK, in her 63d year.

On the 14th instant, GEORGE W. FISHER, aged 39 years.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also News, Agricultural Articles, Poetry, Wit and Humor, Riddles, Receipts, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of The Post are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See Terms under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

"NO."

BY REV. W. M. PUNSHON.

Believe me who can say "No," when to say it not is to speak to his own hurt, has achieved a conquest greater than he that taketh a city. Let me exhort you to cultivate this talent for yourselves. You need not mistake sauciness for strength, and be rude, and brusque, and self-opinionated in your independence. That extreme were as uncomely as the other. But let it be ours to be self-reliant amid hosts of the vacillating, real in a generation of triflers, true among a multitude of shams; when tempted to swerve from principle, sturdy as an oak in its maintenance; when solicited by the enticements of sinners, firm as a rock in our denial. I trust you may never be the character, which, that you may be the more impressed, I give you in the poet's pleasant verse:

"He had his faults, perhaps had many,
But one fault above them all
Like a heavy load upon him,
Tyrant of a patient thrall,
Tyrant seen, confessed, and hated,
Banished only to recall.

"Oh! he drank?" "His drink was water."
"Gambled?" "No! he hated play."
"Then, perchance a tenderer feeling
Led his heart and hand astray!"
"No!" both honor and religion
Kept him in the purer way."

"Then he scorned life's mathematics,
Could not reckon up a score,
Pay his debts, or be persuaded
Two and two were always four?"
"No!" he was exact as Euclid,
Prompt and punctual—no one more.

"Oh! a miser?" "No." "Too lavish?"
"Worst of guesses—guess again."
"No! I'm weary hunting failures.
Was he seen of mortal ken,
Paragon of marble virtues
Quite a model man of men?"

"At his birth, an evil spirit
Charms and spell around him flung,
And with well concocted malice,
Laid a curse upon his tongue;
Curse that daily made him wretched—
Earth's most wretched sons among.

"He could plead, expound, and argue,
Fire with wit, with wisdom glow;
But one word forever failed him,
Source of all his pain and woe;
Luckless man! he could not say it,
Could not, dare not answer No."

Great Sermons.

Of all unprofitable preaching the preaching of staple "Great Sermons" is the most brilliant and effective. It is telling no tales out of school to say that ministers often have a park of superior artillery, kept for great occasions, of a range and bore far exceeding that usually employed. These parade sermons have been got up at the expense of whatever the man knew. They are usually wonderful sermons. They become as well known to the sermon-hearing community as the names of ships of war, or of distinguished race horses. We have heard men in the innocence of their hearts talking the matter over.

"What did A. give—his Dew sermon?"
"No; his 'Wild Boar of the Forest.'"
"Is S. going to preach?"
"Yes, in the morning."
"What has he got?"
"His biggest thing is the 'Cherub.' You ought to hear that. It's splendid. There's another one about as good—it's his Fish hook Sermon."

Thus one has his "Abraham," another his great "Judas" sermon, another is best on the "Destruction of Jerusalem," while a fourth is never so fine as on the "Last Judgment." Forty or fifty clergymen preaching great sermons in city churches for two or three Sundays are enough to create a whole year's backsliding.—*Christian Union.*

Chief Justice Marshall.

BY PROFESSOR PARSONS.

I knew him but one winter, when I called on him was received with perfect kindness, and was cordially invited to call again. The tone of his voice plainly indicated that the invitation extended was meant as no more act of politeness. I did call again and again and each visit made me more anxious to call more frequently.

Chief Justice Marshall was born in 1755. He was the eldest son of fifteen children. His father, Colonel Marshall, was a gentleman of excellent family, but no property. Colonel Marshall educated his children himself, as he was too poor to send them to school.

Chief Justice Marshall began with poetry. At the age of twelve he had copied all of Pope's Essay on Man. He could repeat much of Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Campbell and other standard poets.

He wrote a great deal of poetry himself, but even at this young age he displayed that great sagacity which so distinguished him. He never published any of his poetry.

At the age of twenty he entered the army where he remained until 1781. He figured in most of the principal engagements in the South.

While stationed at Philadelphia he attended one course of law lectures. During all this time he was very poor. When he was returning home an innkeeper refused him admission to his house because he did not look respectable. Soon after returning home, in 1782, he was elected to the Virginia Legislature, where he was returned as a member until 1792.

In 1788 he succeeded in securing the adoption of the Federal Constitution, which was violently opposed by Patrick Henry. The majority in favor of adoption was only ten. In 1797 he went to Paris.

In 1799 he was sent to Congress, where his influence was almost boundless.

In 1800 he was appointed and confirmed Secretary of War. He, however, never entered upon the duties of his office, for before he could do so there was a vacancy in the office of Secretary of State, and he had this position tendered him. He did not hold this office long, for in 1802 he was appointed first Chief Justice of the United States. When this was tendered to him by President Adams he positively refused it, and urged the claims of other gentlemen whom he thought more qualified. Finally, however, his name was sent to the Senate and he was unanimously confirmed. He knew very little "book law" when he was appointed. He had attended but one course of law lectures and had practiced but three years. This was the great reason, when he urged so strongly the appointment of others. It is said of Marshall that he never held an office that was not almost forced upon him.

Soon after he was admitted to practice he married. He was still very poor. He said he did pay the preacher for marrying him, and that he had one guinea left. Of course he had to work very hard in his profession. It is probably more to his early poverty than to anything else that he owed those habits of indomitable energy, which were so characteristic of him. He was forty-six years of age when he was appointed. He immediately commenced to pursue a systematic course of the study of the law. He never became familiar with the books. In all the ranks of legal literature there are no books where there is so little authority cited as those containing his decisions. When a case was argued, and it was for the Judges to decide it, after thinking for some time, he would write down his decision, and, handing it to Judge Story, say: "There, Story; that is the law of this case; now go and find the authorities;" and probably, there was no one more able to do this than Story.

Story once said: "When I wish to reach a point in the law, I have to grope timidly from headland to headland, and feel satisfied if I at last remotely reach it." But Marshall, in an adventuresome and bold manner, puts right out to sea, and without difficulty approaches it.

One of the earliest of the great cases which have immortalized the name of Marshall is the case of Marbury vs. Madison, 1 Cranch 137. In an able opinion he laid down the true principals which underlie the foundation of our Government. He draws a sharp line between the powers of the different departments. For this he had been abundantly preparing himself in the Virginia Legislature, when the Constitution was before that body for adoption.

I have spoken of Marshall as an able jurist. I will now speak of him as a man. He was remarkable and peculiar in his old age, when I knew him. He cared nothing for fashions. He had never changed the cut of his dress. His outside coat was peculiarly long and in the skirts had two large pockets; frequently he could be seen walking up Pennsylvania avenue with a law book in each pocket, or his pocket filled with legal documents to overflowing.

His peculiar characteristic was the carrying of a long green umbrella, which was his constant companion, not only when it was raining, but stuck under his arm when not a cloud was seen.

A kinder man never lived. He was a model for the judiciary of our country. He was perfectly courteous in his manner, never speaking unkindly to any one. But still he was a man with whom no liberties could be taken. He was peculiar, even in his dignity. He had one peculiarity which one could not fail to observe; he would look long and intensely without winking. Before the age of the two-hour rules it often happened that some boring lawyer would come before the Court and speak for hours. When Marshall saw such a one, that cold, gray eye would be fixed upon him, and he would wilt beneath that gaze. He never loved to look very largely into authorities. On one occasion S——— dined with the Judges of the Supreme Court at Marshall's house. A servant entered when they were seated at the table. He brought a basket of books, and handed a note to Marshall. The note was from Benton, who had argued a case before him. Marshall read the note to the company somewhat as follows: "*Mr. Marshall*—I send you such of the authorities as I now have, and will send you others soon." Marshall looked up and saw the basket, and exclaimed, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

In Washington in those days it was a very fashionable amusement to pitch quoits. Frequently would Marshall and other members of the Court, after their labors were over, be seen out on the green, with their coats off, pitching quoits. My first and last impression were that he was a great and good man, and it was the happiest moment in his life when he could make others happy. His smile, his tone, his eye, all conspired to bring about this result.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI.

[From the volume of Mr. Rosetti's Poems just published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston.]

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing; the Autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high that, looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games,
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal, chaste names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
We will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt,
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living, mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him around whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged, unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled toward her, fill'd
With angels in strong, level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

THE HUNGRY HEART.

BY J. W. DE FOREST.

[Perhaps the most noticeable of the magazine stories this month, is the following from Lippincott's Magazine. We have hesitated a little about publishing it, on account of its verging somewhat on ground that we do not care to touch. But considering that the effect of the story is simply to teach care as to the choice of a life partner, and charity for the erring, we have concluded to insert it.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

A village on the coast of Maine; in this village a boarding-house; in this boarding-house a parlor.

This parlor is, strictly speaking, a chamber: it is in the second story, and until lately it contained a bed, wash-stand, etc.; but a visitor from New York has taken a fancy to change it to a reception-room. In the rear, communicating with it, is a sleeping-closet.

The room is what you might expect to find in a village boarding-house: the floor of Lilliputian extent; the ceiling low, uneven, cracked and yellow; the originally coarse and ugly wall-paper now blotched with age; the carpet thin, threadbare, patched and stained; the furniture of various woods and colors, and in various stages of decrepitude.

But a tiny bracket or two, three or four handsome engravings, two fresh wreaths of evergreens, two vases of garden flowers, a number of Swiss and French knicknacks, and a few prettily-bound books, give the little nest an air of refinement which is almost elegance.

You judge at once that the occupant must be a woman—a woman moreover of sensibility and taste; a woman of good society. Of all this you become positive when you look at her, take note of her gracious manner and listen to her cultured voice.

Her expression is singularly frank and almost childlike: it exhibits a rapid play of thoughts, and even of emotions: it is both vivacious and refined, both eager and sweet. It would seem as if here were the impossible combination, the ideal union, so often dreamed of by poets and artists, of girlish simplicity and innocence with womanly cleverness and feeling.

In a large easy-chair reclines her rather small, slender and willowy form, starting slightly forward when she speaks, and sinking back when she listens. Her sparkling eyes are fixed on the eyes of her one visitor with an intentness and animation of interest which should be very fascinating.

He, a young man, not five years older than herself, very gentle in manner and with a remarkably sweet expression of face, evidently is fascinated, and even strongly moved, if one may judge by the feverish color in his cheeks, the eager inquiry of his gaze and the tremor of his lips.

The first words of hers which we shall record are a strange utterance to come from a woman:

"Let me tell you something which I have read lately. It sounds like a satire, and yet there is too much truth in it: 'Every woman in these days needs two husbands—one to fill her purse, and one to fill her heart; one to dress her, and one to love her. It is not easy to be the two in one.' That is what I have read, and it is only too true. Remember it, and don't marry."

A spasm of intense spiritual pain crossed the young man's fine and kindly face.

"Don't say such things, I beg of you!" he implored. "I am sure that in what you have quoted there is a slander upon most women. I know that it slanders you."

Her lips parted as if for a contradiction, but it was evidently very pleasant to her to hear such words from him, and with a little childlike smile of gratification she let him proceed.

"I have perfect confidence in you," he murmured. "I am willing to put all my chances of happiness in your hands. My only fear is that I am not half worthy of you—not a thousandth part worthy of you. Will you not listen to me seriously? Will you not be so kind?"

A tremor of emotion slightly lifted her hands, and it seemed for a moment as if she would extend them to him. Then there was a sudden revulsion: with a more violent shudder, evidently of a painful nature, she threw herself backward, her face turned pale, and she closed her eyes as if to shut him from her sight.

"I ought to ask your pardon," she whispered. "I never thought that it would come to this. I never meant that it should. Oh, I ask your pardon." Recovering herself with singular quickness, a bright smile dancing along the constantly changing curves of her lips, like sunbeams leaping from wavelet to wavelet, she once more leaned cordially towards him, and said in a gay yet pleading tone, "Let us talk of something else. Come, tell me about yourself—all about yourself, nothing about me."

"I cannot speak of anything else," he replied, after looking at her long in silence. "My whole being is full of you: I cannot think of anything else."

A smile of gratitude sweetly mastered her mouth: then it suddenly turned to a smile of pity; then it died in a quiver of remorse.

"Oh, we cannot marry," she sighed. "We must not marry, if we could. Let me tell you something dreadful. People hate each other after they are married. I know: I have seen it. I knew a girl of seventeen who married a man ten years older—a man who was Reason itself. Her friends told her, and she herself believed it, that she was sure of happiness. But after three years she found that she did not love, that she was not loved, and that she was miserable. He was too rational: he used to judge her as he would a column of figures—he had no comprehension for her feelings."

There was a momentary pause, during which she folded her hands and looked at him, but with an air of not seeing him. In the recollection of this heart-tragedy of the past and of another she had apparently forgotten the one which was now pressing upon herself.

"It was incredible how cold and unsympathizing and dull he could be," she went on. "Once, after she had worked a week in secret to surprise him with a dressing-gown made by her own hands—labored a week, waited and hoped a week for one word of praise—he only said, 'It is too short.' Don't you think it was cruel? It was. I suppose he soon forgot it, but she never could. A woman cannot forget such slights: they do not seem little blows to her; they make her very soul bleed."

"Don't reproach *me* for it," whispered the young man with a pleading smile. "You seem to be reproving me, and I can't bear it. I am not guilty."

"Oh, not you," she answered quickly. "I am not scolding you. I could not."

She did not mean it, but she gave him a smile of indescribable sweetness; she had had no intention of putting out her hands towards him, but she did it. He seized the delicate fingers and slowly drew her against his heart. Her face crimson with feeling, her whole form trembling to the tiniest vein, she rose to her feet, turning away her head as if to fly, and yet did not escape, and could not wish to escape. Holding her in his arm, he poured into her ear a murmur which was not words, it was so much more than words.

"Oh, *could* you truly love me?" she at last sobbed. "Could you *keep* loving me?"

After awhile some painful recollection seemed to awaken her from this dream of happiness, and, drawing herself out of his embrace, she looked him sadly in the eyes, saying, "I must not be so weak. I must save myself and you from misery. Oh, I must. Go now—leave me for awhile: do go. I must have time to think before I say another word to you."

"Good-bye, my love—soon to be my wife," he answered, stifling with a kiss the "No, no," which she tried to utter.

Although he meant to go, and although she was wretchedly anxious that he should go, he was far from gone. All across the room, at every square of the threadbare carpet, they halted to renew their talk. Minutes passed, an hour had flown, and still he was there. And when he at last softly opened the door, she herself closed it, saying, "Oh no! not yet."

So greedy is a loving woman for love, so much does she hate to lose the breath of it from her soul: to let it be withdrawn is like consenting to die when life is sweetest.

Thus it was through her, who had bidden him to go, and who had meant that he should go, that he remained for minutes longer, dropping into her ear whispers of love which at last drew out her confession of love. And when the parting moment came—that moment of woman's life in which she least belongs to herself—there was not in this woman a single reservation of feeling or purpose.

These people, who were so madly in love with each other, were almost strangers. The man was Charles Leighton, a native of Northport, who had never gone farther from his home than to Boston, and there only to graduate in the Harvard College and Medical School.

The lady was Alice Duvernois: her name was all that was known of her in the village—it was all that she had told of herself. Only a month previous to the scene above described she had arrived in Northport to obtain, as she said, a summer of quiet and sea-bathing. She had come alone, engaged her own rooms, and for a time seemed to want nothing but solitude.

Even after she had made herself somewhat familiar with the other inmates of the boarding-house, nothing positive was learned of her history. That she had been married was probable: an indefinable something in her face and carriage seemed to reveal thus much: moreover, her trunks were marked "James Duvernois."

And yet, so young did she sometimes look, so childlike was her smile and so simple her manner, that there were curious ones who scouted the supposition of wifehood. People addressed her both as "Miss and Mrs.;" at last it was discovered that her letters bore the latter title: then she became popularly known as "the beautiful widow."

It would be a waste of time to sketch the opening and ripening of the intimacy between Doctor Leighton and this fascinating stranger. On his part it was as nearly a case of love at first sight as perhaps can occur among people of the Anglo-Saxon race. From the beginning he had no doubts about giving her his whole heart: he was mastered at once by an emotion which would not let him hesitate: he longed with all his soul for her soul, and he strove to win it.

Well, we will not go over the story: we know that he had triumphed. Yes, in spite of her terror of the future, in spite of some withholding mystery in the past, she had granted him—or rather she had not been able to prevent him from seizing—her passionate affection. She had uttered a promise which, a month before, she would not have dreamed herself capable of making.

In so doing she had acquired an almost unendurable happiness. It was one of those mighty and terrible joys which are like the effect of opium—one of those joys which condense life and abbreviate it, which excite and yet stupefy, which intoxicate and kill. With this in her heart she lived ten of her old days in one, but also she drew for those ten days upon her future.

After one of her interviews with Leighton, after an hour of throbbing, of trembling, of vivid but confused emotions, her face would be as pale as death, and her weakness such that she could hardly speak. The hands which, while they clung to his, had been soft and moist, became dry and hot as with fever, and then cold as ice. At night she could scarcely sleep: for hours her brain throbbed with the thought of him, and of what stood between him and her. In the morning she was heavy with headache, dizzy, faint, hysterical; yet the moment she saw him again she was all life, all freshness.

From the point of confession there was no more resistance. She would be his wife; she would be married whenever he wished; she seemed mad to reward him for his love; she wanted somehow to sacrifice herself for his sake. Yet, although she hesitated no longer, she sometimes gazed at him with eyes full of anxiety, and uttered words which presaged evil.

"If any trouble springs from this, you must pardon me," she more than once whispered. "I cannot help it. I have never, never, never been loved before; and oh, I have been so hungry, so famished for it, I had begun to despair of it. Yes, when I first met you, I had quite despaired of there being any love in the world for me. I could not help listening to you; I could not help taking all your words and looks into my craving heart; and now I am yours—forgive me!"

Stranger as she was in Northport, everybody trusted the frank sweetness in her face, and sought no other cause for admiring her and wishing her happiness. The whole

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul
to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that
which I can pledge to thee.

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, as any pain or cost, O, tell me before
all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true
mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my
whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?—
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield
my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my fate—
Whatever on my heart my fall—remember,
I would risk it all!

PAULINA LYNDE.

A Dalecarlian Tale.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

My story recommences after the lapse of thirty years from the date of Karl Vilhelmsen's journey to Alsen, from which he never returned.

Very few changes had taken place during this long lapse of time in the outward aspect of Hanstadt and the surrounding district.

The lapse of years, which serves to reconstruct, and sometimes completely to change the appearance of great and populous cities, frequently makes little perceptible change in small towns and villages remote from the great centres of politics, commerce, or fashion; and a stranger who had quitted Hanstadt thirty years before, might have been suddenly set down in the market-place, and have passed through street after street, and imagined that he had been absent but a few days. But the revolutions of thirty years had made vast changes in the inner life of the town and neighborhood. The aged among its inhabitants thirty years ago had nearly all passed away, and were seen no more; the children and youth of thirty years ago had become middle-aged and elderly men and women, and a new generation had sprung into existence in the children and young people who thronged the streets. The returned wanderer would readily have recognized the streets and houses, the public buildings, church, and market-places; but he would seek in vain for the old familiar faces of former years; and when he sought for the old friends and companions of his youth, and found them wanting, he would have felt that he was indeed a stranger.

In the course of these thirty years, Herr Lynde had been gathered to his fathers, full of years and humble honors, and a plain marble slab in the chancel of the church where he had worshipped for so many years recorded, as an example to the rising generation and a memorial to those among whom he had lived and moved, his "great wealth," his beneficence, and his many Christian virtues. His extensive business was now conducted by his nephew, and a stranger occupied the mayor's seat in the council-chamber, and dispensed justice at the weekly court of *prætegarde*. His daughter Paulina, who had succeeded to her father's wealth, still lived at the old house, a short distance from the town, in which, thirty years gone by, she had passed the weary, watchful Christmas eve, waiting for the arrival of him, who, on the morrow, was to have led her to the altar—a willing, loving bride; but the betrothed husband had not yet come, and the wedding, then postponed, had never taken place. Paulina, at the age of forty-eight, was still a spinster, famed throughout the town and district for her goodness and charity, her sympathies with the sorrowful and suffering, and her never-failing kindness to the poor and aged, the widow and the orphan children. Pastor Vilhelmsen and his wife were still living, and the pastor still preached every Sabbath morning at the church over which he had presided for nearly sixty years. But he and his wife were very, very old. More than eighty years had passed over the pastor's head, and Madame Vilhelmsen was but a few years younger than her husband, and both were looking placidly forward to the day, which they knew could not now be far distant, when they should be called away to meet their reward for the labors of a long life faithfully spent in their Master's service.

But distant as was the district of Hanstadt from any of the great centres of human life and activity, and little change as had taken place in the outward aspect of the town and country, the genius of modern innovation and science, though long forgetful, and dilatory in its movements in that direction, had not entirely overlooked the spot. Herr Olaff Lynde, the new proprietor of the mines, had, soon after he succeeded to his uncle's business, undertaken a long tour throughout the different mining districts of Sweden, with the object of inspecting the mines and looking into the various improved systems of working them that had been adopted of late years, but few of which had yet found their way into the province of Dalecarlia. He came to the conclusion, in the course of his observations, that that portion of the Hanstadt copper mines which had been closed for so many long years, and the works connected with which had fallen into decay, in consequence of the dangerous looseness of the soil, and the rapidity with which foul air was engendered in the galleries and shafts, but which was believed to abound in ores of the richest kind, might yet be renovated and rendered healthy for the miners and productive to the proprietors. He consulted several skillful engineers, who all encouraged him in the project, and he finally determined to make the attempt, and on his return to Hanstadt he brought with him an experienced engineer and a skillful machinist, who, after surveying the ground, expressed their conviction of the perfect practicability of the projected improvements, and their opinion that the long-neglected mine could be rendered as healthy and productive as any other portion of the extensive works.

Early in the spring of the year 1824 the task was commenced, and as the work went on it seemed to promise the most satisfactory results. One day a gang of laborers, while employed in sinking a deep shaft, under the superintendence of the engineer, were almost frightened out of their wits by coming suddenly upon the dead body of a man, at a depth of nearly twenty feet beneath the surface of the soil. With the exception of the features of the face, which were greatly disfigured, the body was in a state of perfect preservation, and, to judge from the slender though muscular form, the long, curly, auburn hair, and from various other appearances, it was the body of a young man between twenty and thirty years of age. It was clothed in the ordinary costume of a Dalecarlian farmer, or peasant of the superior class; though the garments were much discolored, and so rotten that they required the most careful handling.

The shaft was being sunk at the end of a gallery, from which a vast quantity of foul air had been withdrawn, and which, it was supposed, had not been entered for half a century; the body, therefore, it was thought, must have lain concealed in this spot for that long period at least.

The terrified laborers refused to continue their work; but having been alternately urged, and threatened, and persuaded by the superintendents, they proceeded carefully to disinter the corpse from the mass of earth and stones amid which it was embedded. In a few minutes one of the party struck his spade against some dark soft substance, which gave forth a metallic sound, and which proved to be a black leather valise or travelling-bag, of such great weight for its size that when the man tugged at it to draw it from the earth, the bag, rotten with age, burst open, and a shower of small coins, apparently of gold, though much tarnished, rolled among the feet of the party. The poor, ignorant, superstitious laborers would now have taken to flight in real earnest—for they believed that they had intruded upon the demesne of one of the gnomes of the soil, who would punish them for their temerity; but they were again reasoned and expostulated with by the superintendents, who induced them once more to proceed with their work. The coins, whose weight, and clear, ringing sound, satisfied the engineer and the machinist that they really were gold, were gathered up and counted, and deposited with the various other contents of the bag in a secure place, and the dead body was carefully conveyed to the surface and placed in a shed adjoining the temporary residences occupied by the superintendents and laborers, so that, if it was thought necessary, an inquest might be held upon it by the proper authorities.

The foul, mephitic vapors, which are fatal to human life, had preserved the body from decomposition after death; but immediately that it was exposed to the action of the pure atmosphere and the light, it began to crumble into dust so rapidly that it was found necessary—in order to preserve it for a few days, or until it might possibly be identified by some of the older inhabitants of the district—to enclose it in an air-tight case, with a glass cover, which was constructed for this especial purpose.

The report of this interesting discovery at the mines spread rapidly throughout the district, and eventually throughout the country, and crowds of scientific and curious visitors from the neighboring towns and villages, and many from places a long distance off, rushed to the spot to gaze with longing eyes upon the heap of tarnished gold coin that had lain for so many years concealed in the bowels of the earth, and to peep through the lid of the rude coffin and look with shuddering wonder upon the dead body within. A tin box, such as is frequently used as a cash-box in counting-houses, was found among the contents of the leather bag. This box, which was half eaten away with rust, was forced open in the presence of the proper authorities, and found to contain gold to a considerable amount, and bank notes of much greater value, and various papers which shed a gleam of light upon the mystery, and proved that the money had belonged to Herr Eric Lynde, Mayor of Hanstadt, and had been sent to pay a debt, due by the said Eric Lynde to Herr Oscar Jansen, machinist, of Alsen. The papers were dated thirty years back; both persons whose names were mentioned were dead. The announcement of the names, and the dates of the papers, however, recalled to the recollection of the public the strange and still unaccountable disappearance of Karl Vilhelmsen at that period, with a large sum of money in his possession.

That the corpse, thus singularly exhumed from its unhallowed tomb, was that of the long-missing Karl there now existed no doubt, and the visitors to the mines were still more numerous.

But it had not required the contents of the papers found in the valise to satisfy the people of Hanstadt that the body exhumed from the long-closed mine was that of their former townsman, Karl Vilhelmsen. They had been the earliest on the spot, and many among them, who had known Karl, recognized the contour of the head, the broad shoulders and stalwart form. Even the clothing, discolored as it was, was recognized as the dress Karl had been accustomed to wear when on a journey. The features of the corpse were unrecognizable, probably in consequence of bruises received at the time of the accident which had resulted in death; but old people, now tottering on the verge of the grave, who had known Karl from infancy, declared that in the features alone, had other incontrovertible proofs been wanting, a sufficient resemblance could be traced to have enabled them to satisfy themselves that the corpse of the ill-fated young man lay before them. The reader will recollect that it had been surmised, at the period of Karl's disappearance, that the unfortunate youth had perished in the mines on the occasion of his visit, after having quitted the post-house to proceed on his journey, and the only evidences that such had not been the case were the absence of footprints in the snow that covered the soil on which he must have passed to reach the dangerous spot, the testimony of the wood-cutter's wife, that a young man bearing the Christian name of Karl, and resembling Vilhelmsen in general appearance, had called at her hut to ask to be directed the nearest way through the forest to the village of Torrand, and the possession by this woman of a marten fur-glove, such as was commonly worn in winter-time in Sweden, and which Herr Lynde had believed to have been one of a pair presented by his daughter to her lover.

This evidence was held to be conclusive, at the time, that Karl had quitted the mines and post-house, and had proceeded thus far on his way to Torrand in safety; but it was open to many doubts. A very slight fall of snow during the night might have obliterated Karl's footprints; tall, fair-haired young men, with the Christian name of Karl, were sufficiently numerous in Dalecarlia, and it is needless to say that a glove that had belonged to one person, and which bore no especially distinctive mark, might easily have been mistaken for one that had belonged to another. At any rate, the recognition of the corpse by those who had known the young man in their own youth and earlier manhood, and the finding of the leathern bag, containing not only the lost money and papers of Mayor Lynde, but also the luggage that Karl had carried with him on his journey, in so close proximity to the corpse, were proofs sufficient to nullify all merely circumstantial evidence that Karl had quitted the mines in safety.

It was some consolation, though but a sad one, to the few who had known and esteemed Karl, and, despite of evil report, had still clung to a belief in his truth and integrity, to know that they were justified in their good opinion of the unfortunate young man; and it was a keen reproof to those who had gloried in his supposed fall from the path of rectitude, and prided themselves in their superior discernment, and their better knowledge of human nature, now that the object of their unscrupulous animadversion had come forth, as it were, from the grave, to testify to his own truth and integrity, and to chide their uncharitableness. It were well to heed the proverb, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*;" it were perhaps sometimes better still to remember "*De absentem nil nisi verum*," lest the absent return to hurl back the falsehoods and slanders of the calumniators upon their own heads.

There was yet one more deeply interested in the faith, and truth, and integrity of Karl than any other living being, who had not yet visited the mines to pay the last sad tribute of respect to his memory, before his form, rescued for a brief term from the grave, to clear his name from the foul aspersions cast upon it, should crumble away into parent dust from which it had been so long and so singularly preserved.

Paulina Lynde—who had never for a single moment faltered in her belief in Karl's faith and truth, notwithstanding the strength of the evidence against him, and her utter inability to account for for disappearance—if he were still living, and who for many years had clung to the belief that he would yet return to prove that she, and she and Madame Vilhelmsen alone, had judged him aright—was absent from Hanstadt when Karl's corpse was so strangely disinterred. Paulina was truly thankful when she heard that the remains of her long-lost lover had been found under circumstances which justified her faith in his integrity, though she keenly felt the fatal blow which this discovery gave to the hope of his return in life, that she had still secretly cherished. She returned with all possible speed to Hanstadt, and, on the fourth day after the discovery of the corpse, arrived at the mines. The body, notwithstanding the efforts that had been made to exclude it from the action of light and air, was fast crumbling to dust. An inquest had been held upon the remains, and a verdict found to the effect that the corpse was that of Karl Vilhelmsen, formerly of Hanstadt, who lost his life by accident, on the 14th day of December, 1798; and the jury added that the name and memory of the said Karl Vilhelmsen were fully cleared from every suspicion that had been entertained of his truth and integrity. Only that the authorities were awaiting the arrival of Mdlle. Paulina Lynde, that she might have the sorrowful gratification of looking upon the remains of her long ago betrothed husband, the corpse would already have been re-consigned to the grave, for it was apparent that it could be preserved but for a day or two longer, though the outlines of the form still remained intact. There was in fact no longer need of its preservation, and as soon as Paulina's arrival was announced, the body was removed from its temporary coffin, and placed upon the floor of the school, that she might see it to better advantage.

Though thousands had come from all parts of the country to gaze upon the strangely preserved corpse, and others—and many scientific men among them—were continually arriving—for the curiosity that the discovery of the body had excited was by no means diminished—as soon as Mdlle. Paulina Lynde's carriage appeared, a line through the crowd was immediately made, though everybody pressed forward to obtain a sight of the lady who had come to take a last look at the corpse of him to whom, thirty years before, she had hoped to be united by the tenderest of all human ties, and to whose memory she had been so faithful.

It was a trying ordeal to Paulina, when she alighted from her carriage, and passed slowly and sadly through the lane of human beings, who for the time being forgot their interest in the object which had brought them to the spot, in their anxiety to gaze upon her. She was still a healthy, comely woman, tall, erect, and shapely, and not yet much past the confines of middle age, with a kindly, truthful face, which still showed traces of remarkable beauty. The only apparent mark of age was in her white hair, which it was said had begun to change its color immediately after that fearful Christmas night when she had sat with Madame Vilhelmsen till nearly daydawn, watching and waiting for the return—on his wedding-day—of her betrothed husband.

Slowly and sadly she passed along until she reached the open shed, carrying in her hand a chaplet of white roses to lay upon the breast of her dead lover.

There was not one in that vast assembly who did not sincerely sympathize with her feelings at this moment, and a death-like silence was maintained until she stood silent and motionless at the feet of the corpse, gazing intently upon it, and seeming to study its every outline and lineament.

Then one remarked in a whisper to another the strange contrast between her thin white hair, and the luxuriant auburn curls of him by whose side she had once stood, when both were alike hopeful of the future, in life's early morning, and when her now scant white hair was as rich and luxuriant as his own. Time and sorrow had blanched and thinned her hair, while Death had left his untouched by his icy fingers.

For the space of a minute, Paulina stood silent and motionless, never even raising her eyes from the corpse. Then she said aloud, in a clear, distinct voice—

"*This is not the corpse of Karl Vilhelmsen.*"

A blank look of amazement overspread the countenances of all those who stood within hearing of her voice. Many thought that the trial had proved too much for her nerves, and that her reason had failed her. But before they had time to express their astonishment in words, there was a commotion in the crowd in the rear. A tall, portly, ruddy-faced gentleman, of some fifty, or perhaps fifty-five years of age, but in whose dark auburn hair not a single gray thread was visible, and who had just alighted from a private carriage—in which an aged, white-haired, soldierly-looking man, with a broad band of blue ribbon, from which depended a diamond cross, at his breast, and a lady apparently of about the same age, were still seated—was forcing his way through the crowd, regardless of expostulation on the part of those whom he pushed aside; and just as Paulina had spoken he forced himself to the front, and entered the shed, and stood panting for breath beside the corpse, at which he gazed but for a moment. Then, addressing Paulina, whose exclamation he had heard, he said—

"Madame, you say truly, *that* [pointing to the corpse] *is not the body of Karl Vilhelmsen.*"

Paulina, who had not observed the approach of the stranger, started at the sound of his voice, and raised her eyes to his face. In a moment she shuddered and turned pale, her lips and nostrils quivered, and she cast a wild, searching glance around her.

"Am I dreaming?" she murmured, as she passed her hand over her eyes: "is this all a frightful dream?"

Again she fixed her eye upon the stranger, who was gazing upon her, apparently in a similar state of bewilderment; and uttering the cry, "Karl! Karl!" in a voice which rose almost to a scream as her accents lingered upon the name, she extended her arms, and made a step forward, but strength and consciousness alike forsook her at this moment, and she would have fallen fainting upon the corpse at her feet, had not the stranger sprung towards her and caught her in his arms.

The crowd pressed forward and gathered round them, but the gentleman motioned to them to stand aside.

"Pray give room, good people," he said; "you perceive the lady wants air. Is there no place near," he asked, "where she can receive proper attention?"

The engineer, who had been drawn to the spot by the sudden commotion that had taken place, offered the use of his temporary residence near by, and the stranger, briefly thanking him for his courtesy, carried Paulina into the house with as much apparent ease as if she had been a child.

"Pray do not press upon us, good people," he said, as not without some difficulty a lane was opened through the dense, gaping crowd. "You see the condition of the lady; another time your curiosity shall be satisfied. Meanwhile, I assure you that *I* am he who was once known as Karl Vilhelmsen."

The astonishment of all who heard this announcement may well be imagined. It had been so generally credited that the corpse exhumed from the long-closed mine was that of the lost Karl Vilhelmsen—in fact, there was in the discovery, at the same time and at the same spot, of the money and papers known to have been in Karl's possession at the time of his disappearance, so convincing a proof of the identity of the corpse and the long-missing young man—that no one had ventured to doubt it; and now that Mademoiselle Paulina had positively averred that the corpse was *not* that of Karl, and the stranger had not only supported her in her refutation, but avowed that he was himself the individual once known as Karl Vilhelmsen, there was good cause for astonishment and wonder.

If the corpse were not that of Karl Vilhelmsen, whose corpse was it? And what did the stranger mean when he said that he had been *once* known as Karl Vilhelmsen? And how came the money and papers, that had certainly been entrusted to the care of Karl Vilhelmsen, to be found after so many years near the corpse of an unknown person? There was wonder upon wonder, mystery upon mystery, and, as usual, everybody had a different theory to propose to solve it.

Generally believed, however, as it had been, that the body of the missing Karl Vilhelmsen had been discovered, a great many persons had come, and were continually coming, to look at the corpse, who hoped to find in it some long-lost relative or friend. Accidents occasionally happened in the copper mines, as they happen in all mines, and strangers—mostly females—came from all parts of the province, and even from distant provinces, in hope, or in dread, to find in the corpse so strangely disinterred the remains of some husband, or father, or son, or brother, or lover, who had left his home and friends many years ago and had never returned; but whose return had been looked for day after day, year after year, with a hope deferred, but never utterly lost. Not only the relatives and friends of miners, but other persons also visited Torrand with this object; for it not unfrequently happened that wild, reckless young men of good family, having left home in disgrace or trouble, and finding all other resources fail them, became miners for the sake of earning a livelihood. These visitors hitherto had come and gone away disappointed. But soon after the stranger had carried the fainting form of Paulina into the engineer's quarters, a poorly clad, elderly woman had forced her way, unnoticed by the crowd in their excitement, into the shed, and after gazing for a moment at the corpse, had thrown herself on her knees by its side with a wild, despairing cry of recognition, and remained wailing and mourning while she held the crumbling hands, and stroked the still luxuriant curling hair.

"If that gentleman is really Karl Vilhelmsen, whose *is* this corpse lying here?" said one of the assemblage in the shed, addressing the bystanders.

"Whose is this corpse?" cried the female kneeling at its side, almost angrily, and for the first time drawing attention to herself—"whose is this corpse, do you ask? Whose should it be but Hans Lebwick's? My husband! my own dear Hans; lost, lost, thirty long years ago! Should I, his wife, not recognize him? What matter if his face is disfigured? Is not this his form? Are not these his hands? Do not I know the very clothes he wore? and are there not here on his shirt the letters I marked with my own hands thirty years ago? It is my own Hans, I say," she continued, glaring wildly round, as if she feared those present would drag her away from the corpse—"my own dear Hans, who they said had left me and his little children. But *I* never believed that. *Never—never.* I knew that my Hans would never leave me, his own Louise. No—no, I knew that some evil had befallen him, and I was right—right. Hans was true to his loving wife."

She had poured forth these words rapidly and defiantly, as if she challenged denial. But now her mood changed, and falling upon the corpse and throwing her arms round his neck, she wept bitterly.

A fresh gleam of light burst upon the bystanders. There were some among them from Hanstadt, who now recollected the disappearance of Hans Lebwick shortly after that of Karl Vilhelmsen, and they now recognized, in spite of her haggard looks and prematurely aged face and form, and her worn, ragged dress, the once pretty young wife of the keeper of the post-house, in the woman who knelt at their feet; and a fresh and terrible suspicion crept over their minds. The property that had been in Karl Vilhelmsen's possession had been found near the corpse of Hans Lebwick. What if he had been the robberer and murderer of Karl? But no, that could not be—that is, if what the stranger had said was true; for had not he declared that he himself was the missing Karl Vilhelmsen? The mystery still remained to be solved, and was rather getting deeper than otherwise.

Meanwhile the poor, wretched widow of Hans Lebwick cared little about what was passing in the minds of those around her. It had not struck her that in claiming the corpse as that of her husband she was casting a terrible stigma upon his name and memory. She had found the dead body of her dearly beloved Hans, and he had not willingly forsaken her, and she drank in greedily this poor comfort to her sorrowing heart.

After awhile, however, she recognized some of the bystanders, whom she had frequently seen at the post-house in former days, when they and she were young; and she told them how she had suffered for many years from poverty and sickness; and how her two little children—Hans' children—had been taken from her; and how she herself had wished and prayed that she might die, and rejoin her children and her husband; for she had never thought that Hans had left her willingly, and she believed that he was dead. She was a simple, ignorant, loving girl when Hans Lebwick took her to his home. Hans had been a loving husband to her during the few short years they had lived together, and a kind father to his children. So the poor woman had lived on in poverty and misery, her only comfort being her firm belief that Hans had loved her to the last, and that he was dead, and she should rejoin him and her lost little ones in another world. Had she believed Hans unfaithful, she had long ago killed herself in her despair.

At last she heard that a dead body, supposed to have lain for many years strangely preserved from decomposition beneath the surface of the earth, had been found in the mines at Torrand, and she knew that the body was that of her long-lost husband. She determined to go to the mines and identify the corpse; but she had no money wherewith to travel, and she had walked the whole distance—fifty English miles—from the town in which she lived, begging her food, and sleeping beneath the stars, until she reached the mines only just in time to recognize the corpse before it was re-consigned to the grave.

A small collection was made for the poor woman by the spectators who had listened to her pitiful story, and then they withdrew from the shed, and left the poor sorrowing creature alone with the corpse.

Meanwhile the carriage in which the stranger had arrived was driven up to the door of the engineer's dwelling, and the old lady and gentleman who accompanied him had alighted and entered the house.

In the course of an hour they came out and re-entered the carriage, and presently the stranger came forth, leading Mademoiselle Paulina—the latter looking pale and agitated, yet strangely happy. And the stranger assisted Mademoiselle Paulina into the carriage, and then got in himself, and the vehicle drove rapidly away in the direction of Hanstadt, Mademoiselle Paulina's empty carriage following.

A great many curious people had gathered around the carriage as it stood at the door of the engineer's house, trying to make out the coat-of-arms and the Latin motto on the panels, and wondering much at the negro coachman in his grand livery (a negro was a rare sight in Dalecarlia), to whom the old gentleman had spoken in some foreign language, and putting questions to the negro to which the man, who could not understand Swedish, made no reply.

At length, just as the carriage drove away, an elderly gentleman, a visitor from the vicinity of Upsala, who had been minutely studying the coat-of-arms through his eye-glass, suddenly cried—

"I have it. I thought I knew the coat-of-arms of every noble family in Sweden, and, as you must have perceived, the crest is surmounted with a coronet. It is the coat-of-arms of the Von Rognvald's, and that fine soldier-like looking gentleman, who handed the old lady into the carriage, must be the Baron Oscar Von Rognvald, who, I have heard, has but just returned from abroad, after many years' absence.

And the gaping crowd stared at the speaker, and at one another, and after the carriage, and repeated—

"Good gracious! who would have thought it? The great Baron Oscar Von Rognvald!"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A GAY Lothario ran off with another man's wife. Fancy his feelings on receiving the following letter from the injured husband:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have long wished to be rid of my wife, who, I confess, is detestable to me. As luck would have it, a week ago she was bitten by a mad dog, and I was awaiting the fatal issue with resignation, little suspecting that my deliverance would come more speedily through you. Bless you, my dear sir, and may you pass safely through the hydrophobia, through which it will now be your duty, instead of mine, to nurse my wife."

PAULINA LYNDE.

A Dalecarlian Tale.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

That the corpse disinterred from the mine was that of the long-lost Hans Lebwick there remained no longer a doubt. Hans, at the period of his sudden disappearance, was but a year older than Karl, and the two young men had greatly resembled each other in stature and form and general appearance, and both had curling, light auburn hair; and when, after the recognition of the corpse by the widow Lebwick, the clothing was examined, the initials "H. L." were found, as she had said they would be, worked in scarlet worsted upon the discolored flannel shirt. Nor did any doubt exist that Hans Lebwick had by some foul means possessed himself of the money and other property found near his corpse, and it was supposed that the unhappy man had lost his life in the endeavor to secrete his ill-gotten wealth in a spot to which no person was likely to penetrate until he should be able to remove it, and quit the neighborhood with his wife and children without incurring suspicion. It was generally surmised that, while in the act of hiding the stolen property in the disused portion of the mine, he had been suddenly overpowered by the mephitic vapors, which were so abundantly generated in the place, and which had led to the suspension of the works, and that while endeavoring to make his escape, he had become insensible, and had staggered and fallen into the partly closed shaft, carrying his ill-gotten booty with him.

The following explanation as to the loss of the money and other property found in the shaft was given by the stranger who had so suddenly appeared upon the scene, and declared himself to be he who was formerly known as Karl Vilhelmsen; though but for the identification of the corpse by the widow it would have been impossible positively to affix the guilt of the robbery and attempted murder upon Hans Lebwick.

Karl Vilhelmsen—to whom, while relating the story of his adventures after he had started on his journey to Alsen, I must still give his old name—had returned to the mine after finally quitting the post-house, as Hans had stated to Herr Lynde and Pastor Vilhelmsen, and had then hastened forward in the darkness towards the village of Torrand, in order to obtain a seat in the cariole that was to leave the village that night. He had also stopped at the woodcutter's hut to light his pipe, and the woodcutter had accompanied him to the skirt of the forest, to point out the most direct path to the village. Karl gave the woodcutter a six-dollar, and went on his way, smoking his pipe and thinking of Paulina, until he reached the heart of the forest, when suddenly a man, whose form was enveloped in a loose, shaggy cloak, and whose face was blackened, or covered with a mask, sprung upon the unsuspecting traveller from the cover of a tree, behind the huge trunk of which he had lain concealed. The next moment the young man was felled to the earth, stunned by a tremendous blow on the back of his head.

Karl recollected nothing further until he woke to consciousness ten days afterwards, and learnt that he was in the hut of a poor woodcutter, who resided with his wife in a remote and rarely visited part of the forest.

The woodcutter, he was informed, had been detained at his labor till a later hour than usual, and on his way home had heard a sound like the moaning of some human being in pain. Guided by the sound he proceeded in search of the sufferer, until he found a young man (Karl) lying bleeding and senseless at the bottom of a deep, dark ravine, far distant from any of the regular tracks through the forest, and—from superstitious fears—seldom approached even by the woodmen and foresters themselves. The honest woodman, believing that Karl had lost his way, and fallen into the ravine, and thus accidentally inflicted the injuries upon himself, had taken pity upon the young man, and having, with considerable difficulty, hoisted him upon his own broad shoulders, had carried him to his hut, where his wife had carefully tended him until he recovered his senses.

After examining into the nature of the young man's injuries, both the woodcutter and his wife were satisfied that he had met with foul play; but they were poor ignorant people, and were afraid to make the matter public, lest, if their invalid guest should die, they might be charged with his murder. They had no money to pay for the services of a surgeon, even if they had dared to call one in; besides, the good woman had unbounded faith in her own skill in the treatment of wounds and bruises with decoctions of herbs and other simples (the woodcutters frequently suffering from wounds and bruises inflicted upon themselves in the course of their hazardous daily labor); so Karl was left to her simple treatment, which perhaps proved more efficacious than would that of the whole Swedish college of surgeons.

While the young man was still lying senseless in the hut, the woodcutter heard of the strange disappearance of one Karl Vilhelmsen from Hanstadt, with a large sum of money belonging to the mayor of the district in his possession, and he suspected that his invalid guest was the missing young man. But the same fears that had prevented him from calling in the aid of a surgeon now prevented him from making known his suspicions. Like most poor, honest, ignorant people, the woodman and his wife had a special respect for persons in authority, and a dread of falling into the hands of the administrators of justice; and the fact that this invalid guest had been robbed, as they doubted not he had been, of the mayor's money, served to increase their fears, and to render them still more careful to keep silent, and not let it be known that they had anything to do with the affair in any way.

When Karl awoke to consciousness he discovered that he had been robbed of the money, and everything else he had brought with him from Hanstadt, excepting a hundred and fifty dollars in gold—his own private funds—which were secured in a belt round his waist. He acknowledged to his kind-hearted hosts that his name was Karl Vilhelmsen, and Eric Ganger, the woodcutter, then told him of the rumors that were flying abroad, and that, though neither he nor his wife could read, he had heard that the newspapers were full of the story.

Though restored to consciousness, Karl was so seriously injured that he was still unable to use his limbs, and he feared that several weeks would elapse before he would be able to leave the hut. He begged Eric, the next time he visited any of the towns to sell the produce of his labors, to purchase copies of the several newspapers; and a few days afterwards Eric set out for a large town several miles distant, and on his return presented his guest with a large packet of newspapers, among which was the Alsen *Morgen Blad*, the journal that contained the report of Paulina's betrothal to a rival suitor of Karl Vilhelmsen.

It had been the intention of the unfortunate young man to send a letter to Herr Lynde and Paulina as soon as he was able to hold a pen, to inform them of all that had occurred, so far as he was able to explain, and to ask them to visit him and take him home to Hanstadt. Conscious of his own innocence, he had no idea that the news of the robbery would be regarded otherwise than as a sad misfortune; but when he took up paper after paper and found nothing but foul aspersions upon his character, and unfounded and, generally speaking, most unreasonable causes assigned for his disappearance; and, above all, when he read in the *Morgen Blad* that Paulina herself had joined in the outcry against him—was a believer in his faithlessness and villainy, and had already cast him off, and betrothed herself to a rival suitor (to him unknown, for he had never dreamed of a rival)—he became almost frantic with rage and grief, and half-frightened his humble host and hostess out of their senses; and though he gradually cooled down from the first outburst of grief and anger, his recovery was greatly retarded by what he read. He determined, however, that as soon as he was able he would quit Dalecarlia, and perhaps Sweden, forever.

He could not say who had robbed and attempted to murder him. The money was gone, and if his friends, and above all Paulina and her father, were so ready to accuse him in his absence, it was not likely, he thought, that they would believe his words, unsupported by proof. He might not only bring trouble upon himself, but likewise upon the kind peasants who had saved his life. So he resolved to go far away, and seek his fortune anew. He felt that he could not, even if his explanations were well received, return to Hanstadt, to find Paulina wedded to another. If the day should ever come when he would be in a position to restore the money of which he had been plundered, he resolved to do so; but on no account to see Hanstadt, or those who had so unjustly accused and belied him, again.

From the moment that he made these resolves, until many long years afterwards, Karl shrunk with a feeling akin to horror from the sight of a Swedish newspaper.

Bruises and sprains are frequently more difficult of cure than wounds of apparently a much severer nature.

Karl had been brutally dealt with by his unknown assailant, who, he had no doubt, had left him for dead at the bottom of the ravine, into which he must have been cast, after having been dragged a distance a half a mile from the spot where he had been knocked down and plundered. But for the fortunate detention at his labor of the woodman, Eric Ganger, to a later hour than usual his fate might never have been known. The ravine, as I have stated, bore an evil repute among the simple and superstitious peasantry, and was rarely visited; the weather was intensely cold, and in a few hours at most he must have frozen to death had his moans not been heard; a rapid watercourse flowed down the centre of the gully during the summer months; it was frozen at this period, but if his body had lain in the ravine until the spring thaws and freshets, it would probably never have been found; or if, at some distant day, a bleached skeleton had been discovered, perhaps far distant from the spot it would in all likelihood have remained unrecognized. Karl, I repeat, had been brutally handled by his murderous and cowardly assailant, but the crushing blow on the back of his head, and the gash upon his temple which laid bare the frontal bone, and which, had it been one-third of an inch deeper must have killed him instantly, were sooner healed than the bruises and sprains and lesser contusions occasioned by the rough inequalities of the ground, the stones and pebbles and fallen trees, over amidst which he had been dragged, or by his fall into the ravine; and these bruises and sprains kept him confined a close prisoner in the woodman's hut for many a long and weary week.

At length, after forcing upon his generous preservers a liberal sum of money from his small private funds, which they were only induced to accept after much persuasion, Karl went forth from the lonely hut in the forest to seek his fortune, careless whither he went, if he could but leave Hanstadt and its memories far behind him—careless of what became of him—looking upon his dearest hopes and ambitions as forever blighted, and deeming men and women alike false and ungrateful.

He had still some hundred dollars left after rewarding his hosts and defraying the expenses they had incurred on his account; and with this sum—his only worldly wealth—he wandered forth seeking cross-roads and bye-lanes, careless where they led him, and shunning the high roads, and populous towns, and much-frequented hostelries; until one day, in spite of his endeavors to avoid large cities, he emerged from the depth of a forest, and found himself within a few miles of Stockholm.

His first impulse was to turn and proceed in the opposite direction; his next to enter the city, which he had some curiosity to visit, and to go to the quays and endeavor to get a berth on board some vessel bound to a foreign port—where, or in what quarter of the world, was to him immaterial. Seamen chanced to be in request at this period, and though Karl had no knowledge of seamanship, he was a tall, good-looking, athletic young fellow, and he found no difficulty in obtaining a berth as ordinary seaman on board a ship bound to the Swedish island of St. Bartholomew, in the West Indies. At St. Bartholomew he was seized with fever, superinduced partly, at least, by the anxiety of mind under which he constantly labored. He was sent to the hospital, where he recovered after a long illness, to find that his ship had sailed for Stockholm,—a matter, however, that troubled him very little, since he had determined in his own mind not to return to Sweden in the vessel, even though he were compelled to run the risk of being imprisoned for desertion. He was removed to the convalescent ward, and while he was still there the hospital was visited by the Baron Von Rognvald, the Governor of the Island. The Baron, after having inspected the hospital, asked to see the list of the names of the patients. It was handed to him, and he appeared to be much struck with the name of Karl Vilhelmsen.

"Karl Vilhelmsen," he said to the surgeon-in-chief, "is this man still here?"

"Your excellency has seen him to-day," replied the surgeon.

"Indeed! he is then in the convalescent ward?"

"He is, your excellency."

"Is he a young or an old man?" inquired the Baron. Then observing the surprise of the surgeon that he should take so much interest in a common seaman, he added, "I once knew a—a young person of that name in—in Sweden. Perhaps this may be the same-person."

"He is a young man, your excellency," replied the surgeon, "and rather a good-looking fellow. I think he wishes to leave the sea service, and I was thinking—your excellency is aware that soldiers are needed to recruit the regiment on the island?—I was thinking to speak to the colonel about him. He would make a capital soldier."

"Ha! is it so, Svensen?" rejoined the baron. "Yes, as you say, he might fill up the vacancy in my body-guard. He wishes to quit the sea? Hem! Do you think he is a sailor by profession?"

"I imagine that he is not, your excellency," replied the surgeon.

"I will speak with the young man, then," resumed the baron. "Show him into a private room, if you can, Svensen, or I shall be beset with applications from fellows all wanting some favor or another."

"Nothing can be more easy, your excellency. I will send the lad to you here;" and the surgeon bowed, and quitted the room.

In a few minutes Karl found himself face to face with the governor, and the latter actually started with surprise when the young man entered the room. However, he managed to conceal his agitation, and began to ask Karl several—as he thought—very strange questions respecting Hanstadt and its inhabitants, without inquiring whether the young man came from that town, or where he did come from.

"He must have found that out from the surgeon," thought Karl to himself. "Still, I don't recollect telling the surgeon that I came from Hanstadt."

Finally, the baron observed that he had been informed by surgeon Svensen that it was Karl's wish to quit the sea-service.

"In that case, young man," he continued, "perhaps you would like to serve in the army? Suppose, for example, I were to offer to make you one of my body-guards?"

"Your excellency, I should be very happy," replied Karl, careless at the moment, so that he did not return to Sweden, what became of him.

"Then be at the palace to-morrow at ten o'clock. Ask for the Baron Von Rognvald; or stay, here is a card which will procure you admission."

Karl bowed and took the card, and the baron turned away; but before he reached the door he said,

"Stay, young man. What was the cause of your quitting Hanstadt?"

Except by implication in replying to the Governor's questions, Karl had not acknowledged that he had come from Hanstadt. However, he briefly explained the circumstances of the robbery, and his astonishment on reading the false accounts in the newspapers. These false and malicious accounts had disgusted him, he said, with Hanstadt and its people.

The baron listened attentively, and appeared to be singularly pleased with Karl's explanation. However, he merely replied,

"I had read of this strange affair, and that was how your name came to strike me. I believe you speak the truth, young man." Then again desiring Karl to be at the palace at ten o'clock the next morning, his excellency withdrew.

"You're in luck, Karl Vilhelmsen," said the surgeon, meeting Karl shortly after the baron had retired.

"It is not everybody that can get into the body-guards, I can tell you. His excellency seems to have taken quite a fancy to you—and, to tell the truth, you're not unlike his lordship about the forehead and eyes. I remarked the likeness long ago. Are you sure that you're one of those wise folks who know their own fathers, Karl?" added the surgeon, with a smile. "Strange things happen in this world."

This rude, coarse joke, which the surgeon would not have dared to utter to one whom he regarded as anything superior to a common seaman, struck deep into Karl's heart. He made no reply to the surgeon, but as he walked away he muttered bitterly to himself, "Had I known who was my mother or my father, I should perhaps not be here to be insulted by whomsoever chooses to jest at my expense."

Karl's card procured him instant admission at the palace next morning, and he was directed to the audience-room, where he found the baron already seated.

To the young man's astonishment, instead of being told, as he had anticipated, that he might hold himself in readiness to enter the Governor's body-guard, the baron questioned him again respecting Hanstadt, and about the pastor Vilhelmsen and his wife, and the mayor and his daughter, "as if," thought Karl, "he knew my secret history." Then suddenly rising, he said,

"Remain where you are, young man, until you hear from me," and quitted the room abruptly.

Karl began to fear that he was to be put under arrest and sent back to Hanstadt, to answer for the crime of absconding with Herr Lynde's money, as he had been charged with doing in the newspapers. In no other way could he account for the baron's strange questions. No wonder, therefore, that he trembled a little when an aide-de-camp appeared accompanied by two soldiers, and desired him to follow one of the soldiers to another apartment.

He rose and followed the man as he had been desired, or rather, ordered; but instead of being led to prison, as he had begun to fear would be the case, he was, to his utter amazement, conducted to a handsomely furnished apartment, in which was seated a middle-aged lady of prepossessing appearance.

"Karl Vilhelmsen—my Lady Baroness," said the soldier; and he immediately retired, leaving Karl alone with the lady, and doubtful whether he was awake or dreaming.

After a few moments' silence, during which Karl stood in the centre of the room, his eyes cast to the floor, while the lady intently scrutinized his features and appearance, he was told to seat himself; and the lady put several questions to him—in a strangely agitated voice—of a similar purport to those which had been previously put by the baron.

"Your parents—your—mother," she at length observed; "is she still living?"

"My lady, I never knew my parents," replied Karl.

"Indeed!" said the lady. "Then—how—" She was unable to complete the sentence; but giving utterance to a strange cry of mingled pain and pleasure, she suddenly sprung from her seat, and throwing her arms round the young man's neck, while tears coursed rapidly down her cheeks, ejaculated in broken accents—

"My son! my dear boy! my long-lost child!"

The baron, who must have been close at hand, entered the room at this moment, and Karl rose to his feet, the lady still clinging to his neck.

Gently disengaging his wife from her close embrace, the baron led her to a sofa and entreated her to compose herself; while Karl still stood looking around him in utter bewilderment.

After awhile, however, the baroness recovered herself in some degree, and the following *eclaircissement* took place.

Karl was informed that twenty-six years before, the baron, then known as the Chevalier Von Rognvald, and an officer in the Swedish army, had fallen in love with and secretly married an orphan girl of good family and great personal attractions, but very poor. For more than a year the youthful couple lived happily together, their marriage being still kept a secret from the young officer's father, the then Baron Von Rognvald. At the expiration of this period, however, the baron urged his son to enter into a matrimonial engagement with a lady of high rank and large fortune, whom the young man had always cordially disliked, and a coolness subsequently arose between the father and son in consequence of the refusal of the latter to comply with his father's wishes.

At length the baron, still unconscious of the fact that his son was already married and the father of an infant child, extorted from him a promise that without his (the baron's) consent, he would not marry any other lady than the one in question, threatening to disinherit him if he broke his promise. The coolness, however, between the father and son still continued; and the baron, in order to punish the young officer for his obstinacy, used his influence to have him transferred to a regiment about to sail for the West Indies. The chevalier was only too glad of this arrangement, since it would enable him to escape the espionage to which he knew that he was subjected at home; but he resolved that his young wife should secretly accompany him to the island of St. Bartholomew, whither his regiment was ordered. To effect this arrangement, however, it became necessary for the young couple to take into their councils one Lieutenant Petersen, a married brother officer of the Chevalier Von Rognvald, who with his wife was to sail for St. Bartholomew on board the same vessel; and it was finally arranged that Madame Von Rognvald should accompany Madame Petersen, nominally as her child's nurse, but really as her companion and fellow-passenger. A difficulty, however, arose respecting the disposal of the infant child of the Chevalier and Madame Von Rognvald. The parents would fain have carried the infant with them, but this would have given rise to awkward suspicions, as likewise would the leaving it behind as their own acknowledged child; for the chevalier was aware that certain of his relatives would be glad of any opportunity still further to increase the coolness that existed between himself and his father, in order that they might profit thereby at the baron's death. In this dilemma Madame Petersen, who had formerly been well acquainted with the pastor of Hanstadt, and was aware of his humane and benevolent disposition, suggested that a trial should be made whether the pastor and his wife would adopt the infant, if it were left at their door as the deserted child of poor parents; for she feared, from her knowledge of the character of Pastor Vilhelmsen, that if any explanations were made, or if any suspicions were aroused that the infant was other than it seemed, and was the child of respectable or wealthy parents, that knowledge would militate against its adoption by him; or, worse still—for Pastor Vilhelmsen abominated anything that savored of deceit—would lead to the discovery by the baron of his son's imprudent and secret marriage.

The trial was made, and, as the reader is aware, with perfect success, though the youthful parents grieved sorely over the necessity that existed of leaving their first-born child behind them to the charity of strangers. Madame Von Rognvald, especially, was deeply afflicted when she kissed her unconscious babe, perhaps for the last time; but she had to choose between a separation—perhaps a lasting separation—from either her husband or her child, and with bitter tears she chose the latter alternative.

Madame Petersen's nurse, an old and devoted servant, who had nursed her mistress as an infant, was entrusted with the carrying out of the scheme. She carried the child to Hanstadt, and left it herself at the pastor's door, and then secretly watched it until she saw it carried into the house, and subsequently heard the pastor publicly declare his intention to adopt it as his own. She then returned to her mistress, and acquainted her and Madame Von Rognvald with the success of their plan, and soon after, the Chevalier Von Rognvald and Lieutenant Petersen and their wives, and the servant and children of Madame Petersen, sailed for the West Indies.

In the due course of years Madame Von Rognvald gave birth to several other children, all of whom, however, died in early childhood, to the great grief of their parents—grief rendered still more poignant inasmuch as the chevalier, who had not dared publicly to recognize them as his own children, dared not either to show any outward demonstrations of sorrow or mourning at their death.

Fondly attached as they were to each other, the necessity that existed to keep the fact of their marriage a secret, proved, together with the loss of their children, a source of sad trouble to the otherwise happy pair. For the old baron became more and more obdurate as he advanced into years, and sternly kept to his threat to disinherit his son if he dared to marry without his consent.

Although the Chevalier and Madame Von Rognvald had contrived by some means to hear regularly of the welfare of their first-born son, they had not, while the younger children lived, so sorely felt his absence from them; but when, in middle age, they found themselves virtually childless, the disconsolate parents, and especially the still unacknowledged wife, began to yearn eagerly after their oldest born.

At length the old baron departed this life, in the ninetieth year of his age, still unreconciled to his son, on account of the chevalier's refusal to marry the lady of his father's choice, and the chevalier became the Baron Von Rognvald.

The baron immediately publicly avowed his marriage, and the baroness and he, weary of their long residence abroad, resolved to return to Sweden and take possession of the ancient and ample estates of the Von Rognvalds, and send for and acknowledge their only living child.

While, however, they were making the necessary preparations for their voyage, they received intelligence, from the source whence they had always heard news of Karl's welfare, of the young man's sudden disappearance on the eve of his marriage, under circumstances which—provided Karl had not met his death through violence—reflected terribly upon his moral character; and the ensuing mail brought them out the Swedish newspapers, which corroborated this intelligence, and spoke of him in the most disgraceful terms.

The unhappy parents, deeply as they would have deplored it, would rather have heard of their son's death. They at once gave up the idea of returning to Sweden, and the baron accepted the offer from his sovereign of the governorship of the island of St. Bartholomew, as a mark of regard, and a reward for his long and faithful military service—an offer which he had previously respectfully and gratefully declined.

Three months after he had become Governor of the island of St. Bartholomew, the baron, while on a visit to the hospital, was struck with the name of Karl Vilhelmsen in the list of the inmates; and though Karl Vilhelmsen is no uncommon name in Sweden, he determined to discover whether the invalid seaman was or was not his unfortunate son.

The appearance of the young man, and the replies he made to the questions so incautiously put to him by the baron, satisfied the latter that it was indeed his son who stood before him. And Karl's open, straightforward explanation of the misfortune that had befallen him, and the cause of his quitting Sweden, equally convinced the father of his son's innocence.

It was only with great difficulty that the baron prevented himself from acknowledging Karl in the hospital. But he succeeded in mastering his emotions, and returned to the Government House, to convey the glad news to the baroness.

The next morning Karl visited the palace, and found the parents he had never known, and the Baron and Baroness Von Rognvald acknowledged and embraced their long-absent, long-forsaken firstborn child.

Many long years passed away, during which Karl travelled over Southern Europe, and visited Asia and America, spending in the intervals of his travels a year or two on the island with his parents.

He, however, kept to his determination, made many years before, never to revisit Sweden, and, in fact, so far as he was concerned, to ignore the existence of the country.

At length, however, the Baron Von Rognvald and his wife found themselves growing old. They longed to revisit their native land, and the baron resigned his post as Governor of St. Bartholomew, and made preparations for his departure, with the intention of spending the remainder of his days upon his ancestral estates. And Karl, time having softened his animosity, was persuaded to embark with them for Sweden.

Scarcely, however, had they landed in Stockholm, ere they heard of the singular discovery of a long-buried corpse in the Hanstadt copper mines, and the finding of a large sum of money and various documents—the contents of which were published in the newspapers—near the corpse. Struck with the singularity of the fact that intelligence so nearly concerning Karl should greet them immediately upon their return to their native shores, the whole party proceeded forthwith to the mines, which they reached, as the reader is aware, just in time to see the corpse of Hans Lebwick—the cause of all Karl's misfortunes—identified by his widow, before it was reconsigned to the grave.

The news of the arrival at Hanstadt of the Baron and Baroness Von Rognvald, and the return in life and health of Karl Vilhelmsen in the person of the Chevalier Karl Von Rognvald, created scarcely less excitement throughout the town and district than had the previous singular discovery of the supposed corpse of the still living man. And when, within a week of Karl's return, the bells of the parish church of Hanstadt rung merrily in joyous celebration of the marriage of Karl and Paulina, which had been arranged to take place thirty years before, the people of the town—old and young alike—made holiday, and followed the bridal party in grand procession, and heartily cheered and wished long life and happiness to the bride and bridegroom. Many of those, however, who thirty years previously would have taken part in the festival, had long ago passed away into the spirit-land, and the long-lost bridegroom had reappeared, not as the unknown foundling—the adopted child of Pastor and Madame Vilhelmsen,—but as the Chevalier Karl, the son and heir of the noble Baron Von Rognvald. Still there were many present who were to have been present on the previous occasion, and among these were three of the six then youthful bridesmaids—no longer merry laughing girls, but staid married women, and mothers of children older than they had been then. And there were others, then of middle age, whose heads were now crowned with the gray or white hair of declining years; and among these were the good pastor and his wife, both now more than eighty years of age, yet still in good health and free from bodily infirmity.

The newspapers also, which had formerly been so prompt to ascribe criminal intentions to Karl Vilhelmsen, were now filled with graceful, complimentary descriptions of the ceremony.

The Alsen Morgen Blad, still the leading journal of the province, contained the following pompous and flattering paragraph:

"On Monday, the 1st of June, 18—, at the parish church of Hanstadt, the Chevalier Karl Von Rognvald, only son of the noble Baron Oscar Von Rognvald, Knight of the Order of Gustavus Vasa and General of the Swedish army, late Governor of his Swedish Majesty's Island of St. Bartholomew, in the West Indies, was married, by the venerable Pastor Vilhelmsen, to Mdlle. Paulina Lynde, only child of the late highly respected and most deeply lamented Herr Eric Lynde, for many years Mayor of the district and town of Hanstadt. The noble and venerable Baron and Baroness Von Rognvald, the parents of the bridegroom, and the venerable Madame Vilhelmsen, wife of the pastor, were also present on the occasion and assisted in the ceremony. The ancient church was decorated with evergreens, as is customary in Dalecarlia upon occasions of a 'silver wedding,' when a married couple who have lived happily for twenty-five years renew their vows of love and faith at the altar; for, strange to say, the wedding of the Chevalier Von Rognvald and Mdlle. Paulina Lynde was consummated upon this occasion, after a betrothal, to which both the bride and bridegroom have proved faithful of thirty-two years. The greater portion of the inhabitants of the town were present, and

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How Webster Worked.

In the spring of 1824 Mr. Webster was much concerned in the discussion then going on in the House of Representatives at Washington, upon the tariff. One morning he rose very early—earlier even than was his custom—to prepare himself to speak upon it. From long before daylight till the hour when the House met, he was busy with his brief. When he was far advanced in speaking a note was brought to him from the Supreme Court, informing him that the great case of "Gibbons vs. Ogden" would be called on for argument the next morning. He was astonished at the intelligence, for he had supposed that after the tariff question should have been disposed of he would still have ten days to prepare himself for this formidable conflict, in which the constitutionality of the laws of New York, granting a steamboat monopoly of its tide-waters, would be decided.

He brought his speech on the tariff to a conclusion as speedily as he could, and hurried home to make such preparation for the great law argument as the shortness of the notice would permit. He had then taken no food since his morning's breakfast; but instead of dining he took a moderate dose of medicine and went to bed, and to sleep. At 10 P. M. he awoke, called for a bowl of tea, and without other refreshment went immediately to work. To use his own phrase, "the tapes had not been off the papers for more than a year." He worked all night, and, as he has told me more than once, he thought he never on any occasion had so completely the free use of all his faculties. He hardly felt that he had bodily organs, so entirely had his fasting and the medicine done their work. At 9 A. M., after eleven hours of continuous intellectual effort, his brief was completed.

He sent for the barber and was shaved: he took a very slight breakfast of tea and crackers; he looked over his papers to see that they were all in order, and tied them up; he read the morning journals to amuse and change his thoughts, and then he went into court, and made that grand argument which, as Judge Wayne said above twenty years afterward, "released every creek and river, every lake and harbor in our country from the interference of monopolies." Whatever he may have thought of his powers on the preceding night, the court and the bar acknowledged their whole force that day. And yet, at the end of five hours, when he ceased speaking, he could hardly be said to have taken what would amount to half the refreshment of a common meal for above two-and-thirty hours, and, out of the thirty-six hours immediately preceding, he had for thirty-one been in a state of very high intellectual excitement and activity.—*Curtis's Life of Webster.*

The New Code of Ocean Warfare.

The international code of ocean belligerancy as revised by the Conference of Paris in 1856, and accepted by France and Prussia among other nations, (though not by the United States) greatly mitigates the interruption and injury to commerce which war brought under the old usages. In the first place, privateering is abolished, so that the merchant vessels of neither nation have anything to fear except from the navy of its enemy. The second and third articles of the declaration of the Congress of Paris are still more important. Those articles are in the following language:—"*2d. The neutral flag covers enemy's goods except contraband of war.*" "*3d. Neutral goods, except contraband of war, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag.*"

By the second article it is made perfectly safe for Prussians and Frenchmen to send goods to sea in American ships. Their exemption from liability to capture would cause a great part of the commerce of the belligerent nations with this country to seek American vessels if we had sufficient shipping.

LONDON BEER.—An analysis of beer, sold in the London public houses, was recently made, and with the following results:—Twelve samples were procured of these twelve, eleven were salted, eleven had coloring matter, five in large quantities, and in all there was an extra quantity of water. Setting aside the best sample as too good, and the worst as too bad for an average, the calculations made from the remaining ten are as follows: To 1,180 gallons of beer, as brewed, 1,064 gallons of colored water were added, and the 2,244 gallons, costing less than £40, were sold for £120. This is rather more than a reasonable profit. But there is consolation in the fact that no article positively injurious to health was detected. The safest way to deal with beer or spirits, is to substitute water "entire," with no pretence at even coloring. It saves all the cost, and gives all the profit to the consumer.

HERBS for kitchen use should be gathered on a dry day, immediately well cleansed and then dried in the heat of the stove or Dutch oven; then pick off the leaves, pound, sift and put them into stopped bottles, labelled for use and kept in a dry place. Gather the different herbs in the months directed: Basil in the middle of August; burnet in June, July and August; chervil in May, June and July; pot majoram in July; lemon thyme in the end of July and through August; mint in the end of June and July; orange thyme in June and July; parsley in May, June and July; sage in August and September; summer savory in the end of July and August; tarragon in June, July and August; thyme in the end of July and August; winter savory in the end of July and August.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Broken-Down and Neglected American General.

The cable despatch from France about the dangerous illness of General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, is almost tragical, in view of his physician's direction for a change of climate as the means of saving his life. General Anderson was broken in health, if not in heart, when he was compelled to leave New York a year ago. He was unable to pay his very moderate expenses here out of the petty income allowed him by Congress after his retirement from the army; and he went abroad for the purpose of living as economical as possible in some small town in Germany or France. He lost his property during the war, and though he tried hard to get some remuneration for it from Congress he failed. He was greatly discouraged by this, and also at the way in which his patriotic services at the opening of the war were slighted.

Before leaving here he offered his private library for sale, as a means of meeting the expenses of his family on their passage to Europe. There were in this library many valuable books of a military and scientific kind, for which he hoped to obtain good prices. But, though his friends of the press called attention to the sale, he realized very little from it, few of the books bringing one-quarter of their cost value. He left here a poor man, shattered in constitution, and with an income so small that he had very hard work to cover the necessary expenses of his family. He has been living for some time past, in an humble way, at the French town of Tours, from which we now receive the reports of his dangerous illness.

It seems strange that some of the rich men of New York, who have lately raised large sums of money to keep the families of Stanton and Rawlins, after Stanton and Rawlins were dead, have not made up a patriotic fund in the name of Robert Anderson, while he is yet alive. There has been no secret about his poverty or about the insufficiency of his income, and the reasons for his going abroad have been repeatedly published in the newspapers.—*New York Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

Cape Diamonds.

In the last communications from the Cape of Good Hope, it is stated that the diamond fields on the banks of the Vaal are turning out an entire success. A regular organized company of diggers has been formed from the Vaal, at a short distance from the mission station at Pniel. One hundred white men are actively engaged in these diggings. A set of regulations has been drawn up, and is enforced by a vigilance committee elected by the white community located there. A Koranna has found a diamond worth £1,500, which he disposed of for a wagon worth £120. Other diamonds, worth £100 to £300, have been picked up, and many from £50 to £60. A few beautiful rubies and one turquoise has been unearthed.

☞ NEARLY UNANIMOUS VOTE.—At the final vote at Rome, on the entire scheme of primacy and infallibility, it was adopted by 538 votes for, and only two against. In this vote all the legitimate opposition is ended. The Pope then appeared and promulgated the new article of faith, and the ceremonies closed with a Te Deum.

☞ A man in Riply, Me., who was shortly to be married, took two ounces of laudanum on Saturday last to avert the calamity. Emetics were useless when the doctor came, but the would-be suicide was saved to his affianced, in spite of himself. About two weeks before, he attempted to hang himself, but was discovered before he completed the job.

☞ A NARROW ESCAPE.—A Winsted, Connecticut, lady was some time ago struck by lightning, and lay for hours unconscious—dead to all human appearances. She distinctly heard her friends declare she was "unquestionably dead;" and she would have been buried alive had not her brother insisted (while the bystanders laughed him to scorn) upon hoping, and working, and waiting for her restoration, which he at length accomplished.

☞ "I like to see the dear little creatures amusing themselves," said Mrs. Brown, when her elder boy took the visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good matron to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air, "soon as the kite comes down he will give it to you."

☞ M. Prevost Paradol, the new French Minister, committed suicide at Washington about one o'clock on the morning of the 21st. He shot himself through the heart. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was "temporary aberration of mind." No sufficient cause of such aberration seems so far to have been assigned.

☞ The Figaro says that Herr Eberle, the *chef d'orchestre* sent by Herr Richard Wagner to conduct the performance of his "Meistersanger," at Berlin, has become insane. Herr Wagner's enemies are not slow to assign a reason. They think that a close connection with "the music of the future" is enough to soften any man's brain.

☞ A FEMALE STRATEGIST.—Clinton, Iowa, has a female strategist. She went to church; found her seat occupied; cushion on seat; took next seat back; the congregation rose to sing and the lady reached over, took the cushion and placed it under herself.

☞ The champion jumper of America is Loomis, of Jacksonville, Illinois. This is his score: Single jump, 13 feet and five inches; three jumps, 40 feet; ten jumps, 140 feet.

☞ HORSES.—Horses sometimes increase in value very fast. A horse was bought in Maine a few weeks since for $400, and for a five-year colt showed good time. He was sold to a Boston merchant for $3,500. After three days' training at Beacon Park he made his mile without urging in 2.37, and the owner was offered $15,000 for him on the spot.

☞ A man, named Thomas Sherwood, in Morgan county, Missouri, filed a bill a few days ago for a divorce. He avers that his wife Julia has at divers times beaten and struck him and threatened to take his life; she has moreover turned him out-doors and refused to live with him, taking her leave of him with a blow upon the head with a stick of wood and the flourishing of a carving-knife, with which she declared she would kill him if he ventured to return.

☞ MASONIC PEN.—The Rondout Courier gets the following story from a telegraph operator in that village: A member of the Masonic order telegraphed to a companion down the river somewhere, "Make room for ten Royal Arch Masons. Coming to-day." When the companions arrived they found a pen had been built for their accommodation, the telegram at its destination reading, "Make room for ten RAM's. Coming to-day."

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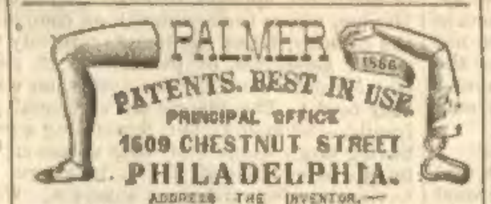

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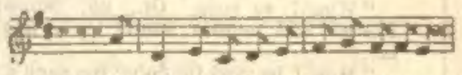
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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Tough Goose Story.

There once lived in one of our Northern towns, not many miles from Conway, New Hampshire, an eccentric individual by the name of Fogg, whose fame as a story-teller was known for many miles around. Here is one:—

"My house was situated in a glen, some six miles distant from the stage road. Between Conway and where I lived was a pond six miles in circumference. It so happened one time early in the spring that I had been out late, and in coming home I discovered a flock of geese as they were just alighting in the pond. Rising early the next morning, I built my fire in the fireplace, and taking down the shooting-iron, I started for the pond to try my luck. Arriving on the shore I found to my sorrow that they were out of gun shot, and to fire at that distance would be a sheer folly. While I stood contemplating what to do, a fox came down to the water's edge and stood snuffing the air. My first thought was to shoot him, but on reflection I concluded to see what he would do. The fox in the mean time entered the water and was swimming for the geese, which were huddled together about half a mile from the shore. After swimming within a few yards of them, he suddenly disappeared, and in a few moments a goose was drawn under water, then Reynard returned on his homeward passage and landed his burden on the shore; then returning again, brought another, until finally he got the whole flock; and when he brought the last one, I shot him. When I came to pick up the geese I found that I had fifty good nice ones, which I lugged home, together with the fox and my gun. The old woman had not got breakfast quite ready then."

"But, Mr. Fogg, the fox to capture the geese, had to swim half a mile for each goose; consequently the fox swam fifty miles, and as the geese averaged six pounds apiece, making the sum of three hundred pounds, to say nothing of the fox and gun; the thing was impossible."

"Impossible or not, every word of it is truth," exclaimed the old man, "and I can prove it by more than a dozen of my neighbors, to each of whom I sold feathers enough to fill a bed!"

How He Gently Broke the News.

"Yes, I remember that anecdote," the Sunday-school superintendent said, with the old pathos in his voice and the old sad look in his eyes. "It was about a simple creature named Higgins, that used to haul rock for old Maltby. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court-house stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. Bagley, but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door. Then he said—

"'Does the widder Bagley live here?'

"'The *widow* Bagley? *No, sir!*'

"'I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does *Judge* Bagley live here?'

"'Yes, Judge Bagley lives here.'

"'I'll bet he don't. But never mind—it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?'

"'No, not at present.'

"'I just expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o' suthin', mum, for I'm a-going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the wagon, and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to *him!*'

The Dog and the Lobster.

There was much surrounding cachinnation where this circumstance was mentioned the other evening. A man who was "somedele" fond of lobsters was wistfully regarding a basket of them in the market, with his dog by his side, while another bystander was sticking the end of his cane into one of the disengaged claws of a big fellow at the top. "How he does hold on!" said the man with the cane.

"Yes," responded the man with the dog; "but it's because he *dents* the cane, and his claws won't slip on the wood. But he couldn't hold on to a critter, or you or I, in that way. When he feels any thing *given'*, a lobster always stops pinchin'."

"Guess *not*," said the owner of the basket; "you put your dog's tail in that there claw, and you'll *see* whether he'll hold on to 't or not."

No sooner said than done: the lobster-lover lifted up his dog, dropped his tail into the open claw, which closed instanter, and the dog, "as smit by sudden pain," ran off howling, at the top of his speed.

"Hello!" exclaimed the owner, "whistle back your dog: blast him! he's running off with the lobster!"

"Whistle back your *lobster!*" rejoined the other; "*that* dog ain't coming back; that dog's *in pain*; I can't git him to come near me when he's in pain."

That human citizen dined that day upon as fine a lobster as there was in *that* basket, "anyhow!"

Retrenchment Extraordinary.

The following story is told of a pretty well-known gentleman, formerly connected with the newspaper press: "This person was in the habit of taking a "wee drap" too much at times, and when in this resultant condition of exhilaration he was, as many are, inclined to a liberality and extravagance of expenditure to which his sober self was an utter stranger. While on one of his periodical benders the fancy of our hero was struck with the beauty of a certain pair of vases of rare workmanship and exquisite finish. With the sentiment "blast the expense" in his heart and on his lips, he bought these vases at an immense price, and bore them home, and triumphantly called in his wife to admire them.

"Why, John," said she, the moment she set eyes on them, "what induced you to buy such costly ornaments as these? We can't afford to spend money this way. You will ruin us, you know you will;" and the poor lady raised her apron to her eyes and began to cry. The sight was too much for our printer.

"You are right, Mary," he said, "you are right, and I am wrong. I see it now. We can't afford these vases; it was extravagant in me to buy them. But don't cry; I'll fix it all right."

So saying, he let drive his fist through the two beautiful vases, and, as their fragments rattled about the floor, he turned to his astonished and dismayed wife, and said—

"Now, Mary, we've got rid of those; we'll go and buy a couple of cheap ones, my darling."

THE ECHOES AT KILLARNEY.

CAPTIOUS LADY-TOURIST.—"Boatman, why *do* you play that air out of tune?"

BOATMAN.—"Musha, me lady, how can I help it? Shure, that's the way the fairies play it on the mountains! Jist listen to them!"

All the Difference.

On one occasion a young and zealous lawyer, not over punctilious in his allusions to the court, nor very formal in his manner, was arguing a question before a judge, and in the course of his argument, by way of illustration, wished to suppose a case."

"We will suppose, your honor," said he, "that your honor were to steal a horse—"

"No, no, no," interrupted the judge. "Not at all; not at all. 'Tain't a supposable case, Mr. S., 'tain't a supposable case."

"Very well, begging your honor's pardon," proceeded the eager lawyer, with more zeal than prudence, "very well; then supposing that I should steal a horse—"

"Ah, yes, yes, yes," said the judge; "that is a very different thing. Very likely, Mr. S., very likely. Proceed, Mr. S.

Mr. S. proceeded to take a seat, amidst the shouts of his brethren, and had the good sense to take the joke in good part, and repeat it often to his friends.

THE BURDEN OF THE DAY.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

Who shall rise and cast away,
First, the Burden of the Day?
Who assert his place, and teach
Lighter labor, nobler speech,
Standing firm, erect, and strong,
Proud as Freedom, free as Song?

II.

Lo! we groan beneath the weight
Our own weaknesses create;
Crook the knee and shut the lip,
All for tamer fellowship;
Load our slack, compliant clay
With the Burden of the Day!

III.

Hig[h]ar paths there are to tread;
Fres[h] fields around us spread;
Other [f]lames of sun and star
Flash at [h]and and lure afar;
Larger ma[n]hood might we share,
Surer fortu[ne],—did we dare!

IV.

In our mills of [c]ommon thought
By the pattern [g]iven is wrought:
In our school of lit[e]rary plan,
Drills to suit the pu[p]ove, and play,
And through labor, [s]he Day.
Shifts the Burden of [t]

V.

Power of all is [m]ine!
Right hath eac[h] beneath the sun
To the breadth [o]and liberal space
Of the indepen[d]lent race,—
To the chariot [a]nd the steed,
To the will, dea[d] deed!

VI.

Ah, the gods of [w]ood and stone
Can a single saint dethrone,
But the people wi[l]o shall aid
'Gainst the puppe[t]s they have made?
First they teach a[s]d then obey:
'Tis the Burden of the Day!

VII.

Thunder shall we ne[a]ver hear
In this ordered atmo[s]phere?
Never this monotony
Shattered by a trump[e]feel
Never airs that burst [l]et's peal?
From eternal summits [b]and blow

VIII.

Though no man resent h[i]s wrong,
Still is free the poet's so[n]g;
Still, a stag, his thought [m]ay leap
O'er the herded swine and sheep,
And in pastures far away
Lose the Burden of the day!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Young Widow.

A census-taker, going his rou[nd], stopped at an elegant brick dwelling-[house] exact locality of which is no bus[iness of] ours.

He was received by a stiff, well-[dressed] lady, who could well be recognized as a widow of some years' standing.

On learning the mission of her vi[sitor], the lady invited him to take a seat in [the] hall. Having arranged himself into a w[ork]ing position, he inquired for the number [of] persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight, sir," replied the lady, "includi[ng] myself."

"Very well—your age, madam?"

"My age, sir," replied the lady, with a piercing, dignified look. "I conceive it's none of your business what my age might be; you are inquisitive, sir."

"The law compels me, madam, to take the age of every person in the ward; it's my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it compels me to answer. I am between thirty and forty.

"I presume that means thirty-five?"

"No, sir, it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam," putting down the figures, "just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

"Josephine—pretty name—ten."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira—charming—fifteen."

"Angelina is eighteen, sir; just eighteen."

"Angelina—favorite name—eighteen."

"My eldest and only married daughter, sir, Anna Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty-five, did you say?"

"Yes, sir. Is there anything remarkable in her being of that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say that there is; but is it not remarkable that you should *be her mother when you were only eight years of age?*"

About that time the census-taker was observed running out of the house—why, we cannot say. It was the last time he pressed a lady to give her exact age.

Uses of Wasps.

There can be no doubt that every animal has its own special duties to perform; but it seems presumptuous to assume that these duties have always a direct bearing on the well-being of man. There can, however, we think, be little doubt that the wasp family are of undoubted service to us in acting as scavengers, and removing rotten wood and garbage of all kinds, and in destroying flies, spiders, and caterpillars. A reward was offered some years ago for the destruction of the wasps' nests on the late Sir J. T. Brisbane's estate in Ayrshire; and the consequence was, that in two years' time the place was infested with swarms of flies to an extent never before seen. Whether the wasps take part, like many allied insects, in the fertilization of flowers, is, we believe, not definitely known.

How the Chinese Cook Rice.

The editor of the American Grocer states that he has recently paid a visit to the Chinese colony of shoemakers, at North Adams, Mass., and has obtained from them the Chinese method of cooking rice. The process of boiling one pound of rice is as follows: Take a clean stew pan, with a close-fitting top, then take a clean piece of white muslin, large enough to cover over the top of the pan and hang down inside nearly to, but not in contact with the bottom. Into the sack so formed place the rice, pour over it two cupfuls of water, and put on the top of the stew pan, so as to hold up the muslin bag inside, and fit tight all round. Place the pan on a slow fire, and the steam generated from the water will cook the rice. Each grain, it is stated, will come out of the boiler as dry and distinct as if just taken from the hull. More water may be poured into the pan if necessary, but only sufficient to keep up the steam till the rice is cooked. The pan must not be heated so hot as to cause the steam to blow off the lid.

Saving a Father's Life.

In Maine, lately, which is a great lumber state, two boys went out to the woods with their father to see him cut down trees. Through a mistake in calculating how a tree he was cutting would fall, the father was caught and pinned to the ground, the tree lying across his body.

At the fearful sight the boys did not lose their presence of mind, but set to work with energy to save their father. Some boys would have exhausted their strength in vain efforts to remove the tree; others would have run and screamed for help, and meantime the father would have died. The boys did neither of these things. Can you guess how they went to work to save their father's life?

They commenced digging a hole immediately under their father, and in a very short time they released him from his awful situation. Their coolness and wisdom were the means of saving the life of their parent. In such an emergency how many boys would think of digging the earth from under a man pressed down to the ground by a tree?

☞ A journalist has been sojourning for a fortnight in the White Mountains, and says that he has enjoyed himself very much, having fallen into six rivers, sprained his ankle, skinned his face and neck, and broken three ribs the first nine days.

☞ The Trenton people are excited over the discovery of a petrified cat under the floor of a church vestry. Church mice have the reputation of being very poor, and it is quite possible that the wretched animal died of starvation while in pursuit of them.

AGRICULTURAL.

Uselessness of Agricultural Machines.

When all disputed questions are settled; when every man agrees perfectly with every other man in everything; when variety is no longer the spice of life, what a spiceless, flat dish agricultural and every other "life" will be! And yet some people condemn agricultural papers, and all scientific investigations, because every question is not settled, every doubt removed, all variety merged into a dead certainty, and somebody authorized to say to every other body, "This is the way, walk ye in it." These reflections were suggested by reading an article in the St. Johnsbury, Vermont, *Times*, on the proper time and best manner of curing hay, which closes with the following hit at modern hay-making machinery:—

Farmers have been shamefully defrauded by venders of machinery for haying. Much of it is worthless; to a small farmer, all of it. There are none but those who farm upon an extended scale, that can afford a mowing machine. On large fields, it is true, they work well with such as know how to use them, but even here where men depend upon hired help, they are of little or no value.

As much hay can be cut down in the forenoon as can be raked and carted in the afternoon; but they argue that men allowed to shirk and rest in the forenoon will take hold sharp in the afternoon. I can't see it. I have tried both ways—and my experience is, that *work* can never be satisfactorily accomplished unless everything connected with it bears the impress of business, live, energetic business. A man that is lazy in the forenoon will be lazy in the afternoon. Again, the machine mows too much, and hay is left in every conceivable shape at night. Men that finish haying early always leaves things in a tidy state at night, if the weather looks ever so fine. It cost $125 every three years for a machine and the interest on it. It takes hay and grain to keep a pair of horses in the barn, and the worst of it is—and we can cite numerous instances—men that would have their hay out of the way in three week's time by the old method, are four and five by the new.

Horse-rakes and tedders are only worse than mowing machines. By the time hay is fairly in the barn now-a-days, it is robbed of all its natural fragrance, everything that makes it pleasant and agreeable to the nostrils and stomach of the dumb-beast. It is trodden into the earth, broken, bruised, dusty, dirty, and commingled with every species of filth imaginable. The only real argument in favor of any of these implements is, they tend to clean our fields. I know nothing of horse-forks. Don't want too.

Breeding and Rearing of Horses.

We present a brief abstract of a paper upon the above subject from the pen of Mr. J. D. Badham, an English breeder and agricultural writer of considerable note.

Certainties in horse breeding are fallacious, yet we must be guided by general rules, and the breeder who carefully studies the selection of both sire and dam will far outstep the reckless breeders. One great object should be to produce an animal as near perfection as possible; for this end the sire chosen should be possessed of those points in which the dam may be deficient. The selection of a good mare is of the greatest importance, so much so that you very scarcely see a bad horse of any class from a really good mare, and there is scarcely an instance of extraordinary merit but the prevailing points of excellence could be traced in some way to the dam. At the same time we must not overlook the importance of good sires, for without these we shall assuredly fail in our attempts to breed a good animal. The systematic breeder never allows any chance work to creep into his concerns. He selects with care the animals he intends to breed from, of both sexes, and those which he can trace back to blood of unquestionable family in their class. Like breeds like. Temper, power, endurance, spirit, generally follow the dam; form, action, &c., the sire. Soundness is an essential point in a brood mare. It is a notorious fact that there are certain diseases to which parents are the subjects, and which will descend in the progeny. Ringbones and sidebones are hereditary in almost any form. Indeed the former come out after many generations. Blindness, a special disease of horses, is certain to follow breeds, and on no account should those of either sex affected with it be used for breeding. Diseases of the respiratory organs, as roaring, whistling, broken and thick wind, are all hereditary in their character. Diseases in the feet should be carefully avoided. It is most important to have both sire and dam in a healthy condition, as the progeny of sickly-framed animals are sure to inherit some of their failings. "A pedigree of undoubted authority is absolutely necessary; if you see two horses, one with all that you want in a sire, but no pedigree, or only an imperfect one, and another with some faults, but with a pedigree, select the latter, as you are more certain to get an average foal, but with the other it is all chance; you may get what you want or you may not."

Bees and Fruit Blossoms.

E. Gallup, in Western Pomologist, says that "the facts of the case are, that instead of the bees injuring the fruit blossom or crop in any case whatever, they are an absolute assistance. So much so, that in the immediate vicinity of an apiary in some seasons, there will be an abundance of fruit, whereas in localities where no bees were kept, there was comparatively little. Bees are a great assistance in fertilizing blossoms that otherwise (or left to nature) would not become fertilized, and the clover or buckwheat patch that produces the most honey, produces the most seed, invariably. The honey in the blossom, if not taken out by the bees and other insects, would be dried up by the sun or washed away with rain, consequently would be a dead loss; but if we have bees to gather it, it is so much gain, not only to the owner of the bees, but to the fruit grower and the farmer."

BLOODY MILK.—We had a cow that gave bloody milk. We gave her garget, and gave her saltpetre, and then had a piece of garget inserted as a towel. No good came from all. We sent for the veterinary surgeon, Dr. Robert Wood, of Lowell. He said the cow was not gargety, and that the only trouble was that a small blood-vessel in the teat had been broken by too hard pressure, and that if that teat was stripped daily, and the place of rupture given time to heal there would be no trouble. His advice was followed. In two weeks she was well, and has given no bloody milk since—for more than a year.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 98 letters.
My 4, 29, 44, 61, 90, 78, is an animal.
My 8, 19, 55, 40, 64, 76, is a fish.
My 16, 2, 42, 60, 89, 21, is a plant.
My 18, 10, 38, 97, 63, 28, is a fruit.
My 22, 39, 57, 3, 17, 70, is a plant.
My 27 14, 6, 67, 84, 25, is an animal.
My 33, 24, 94, 46, 12, 20, is a number.
My 36, 86, 50, 72, 11, 29, is an insect.
My 40, 30, 23, 92, 48, 10, is an animal.
My 42, 9, 32, 55, 94, 87, is a fruit.
My 45, 71, 81, 75, 2, 37, is a tree.
My 49, 34, 26, 98, 88, 62, is a fish.
My 51, 74, 85, 16, 43, 31, is a bird.
My 59, 66, 57, 54, 15, 35, is a tree.
My 63, 6, 20, 79, 82, 52, is an insect.
My 65, 12, 83, 17, 96, 23, is a flower.
My 68, 25, 41, 80, 63, 9, is a vehicle.
My 77, 91, 66, 1, 93, 10, is an animal.
My 79, 38, 85, 15, 58, 69, is a tree.
My 83, 7, 56, 77, 53, 47, is a reptile.
My 95, 71, 39, 5, 18, 13, is animal.
My whole is a poetical quotation.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Decapitation.

My whole is a dignitary of the church.
Behead me and I am to recite.
Behead me again, and I am flushed with success.
Behead me again, and I am come too late.
Behead me again, and I am what all men have done.
Behead me again, and I am a syllable.
Behead me again, and I am a vowel.

Honeytown, Ind. PHILIP.

Mathematical Problem.

A quadrilateral is divided by its diagonals into four triangles, whose areas are 40, 45, 50, and 63 acres, respectively. Required—The sides of the quadrilateral.

☞ An answer is requested.

☞ Send solution to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ When does a sculptor explode in strong convulsions. Ans.—When he makes *faces* and *busts*.

☞ When does a man devour a musical instrument? Ans.—When he has a pianoforte (piano for tea.)

☞ Why is a baker the most miserly of men? Ans.—Because he kneads much, and yet sells everything he kneeds himself.

☞ Why is an owl like an opinion? Ans.—Because it has two i's.

☞ Why is walking about with no clothes on, like knocking a man down? Ans.—Because it's a summary mode of proceeding.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Truth—darling of a heart sincere." METAGRAM—Rail. (bail, fail, hail, jail, mail, nail, pail, sail, vail, wail.)

RECIPTS.

SUCCOTASH.—Common shelled beans may be used for succotash, though lima beans are the best. Prepare and cook the beans as usual. About twenty minutes before serving, add a quantity of sweet corn cut from the cob; season with butter, pepper and salt, and add a little sweet cream. This dish may be prepared with pork, if desirable.

PLAIN WINE BISCUITS.—With one pound of flour, the yolk of an egg, and some milk, make a very stiff paste; beat this well and knead it until quite smooth; roll it very thin, and cut it into biscuits, which must be pricked and baked in a slow oven until they are dry and crisp.

One pound of flour, the yolks of two eggs, and the white of one; mix all together with enough sweet buttermilk to make it very stiff; knead it as hard as possible and let it rise for an hour, then roll it to the thickness of a wafer, cut into rounds and bake.

FRICANDEAU VEAL.—Take a loin of veal and chop the meat as for sausage, then add 3 eggs, well beaten, pepper, salt, nutmeg, 3 tablespoonfuls of butter. Roll 8 small crackers, mix half in the meat, the other half put on the outside, after making in a form. Bake an hour and a half, basting with butter.

BROWN BREAD.—Take 2½ pints warm water, (a tea cup of sugar will improve the quality,) stir in unbolted flour without sifting, then add your emptyings, and stir as thick as you can consistently, but not too thick if you like moist bread—then pour into a five-quart pan, and when light, place in a quick oven. Look well to your oven for about twenty minutes, then bake moderately until done. Bake 1½ hours, then remove and cover with a thick cloth. If part Indian is preferable, scald your meal, and mix as before.

Tricks of Paris Sharpers.

What can exceed the audacious ingenuity of Parisians? Not long ago, a genteel-looking fellow, who carried his right arm in a sling, and was followed by a servant, stepped into a Paris store. The merchant, supposing him to be a military pensioner, showed him such articles as he desired. When he came to settle the account, however, finding he had not sufficient money, he asked the merchant to write a note from his dictation to his wife, which he would send to his hotel by his servant. The merchant unsuspiciously wrote on a sheet bearing the name of the firm these words:

"Send me immediately, by the bearer, two hundred thalers. Yours, ROBERT."

He smilingly closed up the note with the expression, "Ah, then we are namesakes." The servant took the note and soon returned with the required sum. The purchaser paid for his wares, gave them to his servant to carry, and went away. Some hours after, the wife of the merchant visited him, and, after talking of sundry things, suddenly asked him why he had sent for the two hundred thalers. The man was rendered speechless with astonishment when he saw what a cheat had been played upon him.

☞ There may be too much of even so good an idea as that which is involved in combination and concentration. For instance, Omaha is erecting an edifice, one portion of which is to be used for a theatre, another for a church, and yet another for an hospital.